THE KENDALL SECOND READER

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To Junior McNeal
June 1922
By Aunt Bessie

THE KENDALL SERIES OF READERS

SECOND READER

BY

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A WORD TO THE TEACHER

LIKE the Primer and First Reader of this series, the Kendall Second Reader is grounded on a continued story — not this time the story of a single family, but one which includes more than a dozen children of all ages from two to ten.

It is a vacation story based on a jolly organization called "The Good Times Club," the activities of which, under the helpful guidance of Mrs. Allan, its founder and best friend, are varied and interesting. Story-telling, games, cookery, picnics, gardening, entertainments, — these are but a few of the club's occupations, which are all such as Second Grade children might experience.

The literature of the book is made a part of the games and entertainments; and to make sure that it is sufficiently represented, Part II of the reader is given up wholly to stories and poems that are school favorites of the various club members.

The fact that the Good Times Club carries on its activities through the summer months makes the

Second Reader peculiarly suitable for use at the beginning of the school year, when the thoughts of children are turning "with solemn backward looks" to the pleasures of their recently concluded vacation. Here is a storybook for them which parallels their own immediate past. The work of preparation has been done by experience itself. The teacher's task is merely to conserve and develop ideas which are already in the forefront of the children's minds.

The Second Reader is designed to be the basal textbook for Grade Two. Not only the continued story, but the literature, both prose and poetry, are suited to this grade, while the vocabulary and methods of presentation have been planned with special reference to the mental development of the normal child of seven.

Detailed helps in the presentation of the book, and the necessary phonetic material, may be found in the Manual "Teaching How to Read," which accompanies the Primer and early readers of the Kendall series.

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PART I

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the path of virtue,
Off in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

JOHN AND MARY'S HOME

I

John Allan was ten years old and his sister Mary was eight. They lived in a very pleasant home.

They had books to read and toys to play with. They had a big yard to run and play in. They had a cat, a dog, some chickens and some pigeons for pets.

Best of all, John and Mary Allan had a

kind father and mother whom they loved very dearly, and they had two good friends who lived near by, David and Dorothy Kingman.

David was just as old as John, and Dorothy was Mary's age, and you may be sure that these four children had good times together.

Sometimes they all played at the Kingman house, but more often on the farm where John and Mary Allan lived.

II

Here is a picture of the Allan home. The brown house is very old. Grandfather Allan lived here when he was a little boy.

Do you see the great chimney at the end of the house? Do you see the wide porch with the roses and honeysuckle climbing over it?

Do you see the old cherry tree by the side of the house? John and Mary can pick cherries from their bedroom windows.

Can you find the kitchen garden? Peas, beans, lettuce, radishes, tomatoes, and potatoes

grow in this garden. Soon you will find out who helps to take care of the peas and the beans, the tomatoes and potatoes that grow here.

Behind the house is the chicken yard. The pigeons live there, too. Can you find the pigeon loft? Look at John's pet pigeons! And see Mary's old mother hen with her nine little chicks!

The children take good care of their chickens and pigeons.

You could find many things in the tool shed. There is the lawn mower near the door.

Can you tell what the lawn mower is used for? Have you ever used one?

There are a ladder, a garden hose, a rake, and a spade in the tool shed.

There are hammers and saws, a plane, and boxes of nails, too. Mary can use some of these tools, but John can use them all.

The old barn is not much used now, for Mr. Allan has no horses nor cows. So, when it rains, the children use the barn for a playhouse.

Under the old oak tree, down by the barn, there is something else. What do you think it is? It is Shep's kennel.

I should like to feed the chickens and the pigeons! I should like to swing high up in the strong rope swing! I should like to play in that tent! I should like to have good times with John and Mary and David and Dorothy. Wouldn't you?

WHY DAVID AND DOROTHY WENT TO THE SEASHORE

I

One spring afternoon Mrs. Allan was planting seeds in her flower garden. It was just time for school to be over, and the four children were coming to help with the planting.

Hearing footsteps, she looked up to see John and Mary walking slowly in at the gate without their friends. They seemed very unhappy.

"Why, children, what is it?" she asked.

"Mother," said Mary, "David and Dorothy have the measles. They are very sick."

"Are you sure? How do you know?" asked Mrs. Allan.

"We stopped to ask why they were not at school and Mrs. Kingman told us," answered John.

"I will go over right away and find out all about it," Mrs. Allan told the children.

And before long she was back again to say

that David and Dorothy were not so very sick, though quite red and uncomfortable.

"Mrs. Kingman says that they always do things together," she laughed. "Do you suppose it is because both their names begin with D?"

II

David and Dorothy were able to be out again in a few weeks, but they did not get strong quickly and the doctor told Mr. Kingman that they must go away for the summer.

"Take them to the seashore," he said.

So Mr. Kingman found a pleasant house at Summerside Beach and took Mrs. Kingman and David and Dorothy there when school closed.

"Good-by! Be sure to write often," said John and Mary when their friends went away.

"Of course we will," shouted David and Dorothy, as they drove out of the yard.

Before long you shall see what good letters they wrote to their friends.

"Where have you been, mother?" said Mary, one afternoon.

"Yes, mother, do tell us," said John. "We were just wishing you would come home."

It was vacation time and John and Mary were feeling a little lonely because David and Dorothy had gone to the seashore.

"I've been to see two little mothers," said Mrs. Allan, smiling. "One is ten years old and the other is nine."

"What do you mean, mother?" said Mary.

Then Mrs. Allan told her story: "Not far from here I found a street where there are neither trees nor yards. I went into two very small houses and there I found two little mothers.

"The real, grown-up mothers were away at work. They go to work every morning. The *little* mothers were the older brother and sister of many small children."

"I should call them a little father and a little mother," said John, laughing.

"Perhaps that would be better," said Mrs. Allan, "but let me tell my story."

"In one house there was brown-eyed Jack. His smile was as bright as the sunshine. Jack is ten years old. He was taking very good care of four small brothers and sisters. There was Frank, who is eight years old, Joe, who is six, Nellie, who is four, and little Mary, who is two.

"In the other house I found 'little mother Alice,' who is only nine years old. She was teaching Kate to mend an apron. Kate is seven. She was showing Ned how to cut paper soldiers. Ned is five. And she was rolling a ball to Bess, who is only three.

"These two little people can cook and sew. They can dress the small children. They can keep their houses neat and clean. So they are very busy and helpful."

II

"Mother, I wish we could go to see Jack and Alice and all the children," said Mary.

"I have a better plan than that," said Mrs. Allan. "Jack and Alice may bring the children here from ten o'clock until two o'clock every day.

"The babies can roll on the grass. They can go to sleep on the cot in the tent. Then, John, you and Mary can read or tell stories to the others, and you can all play games together.

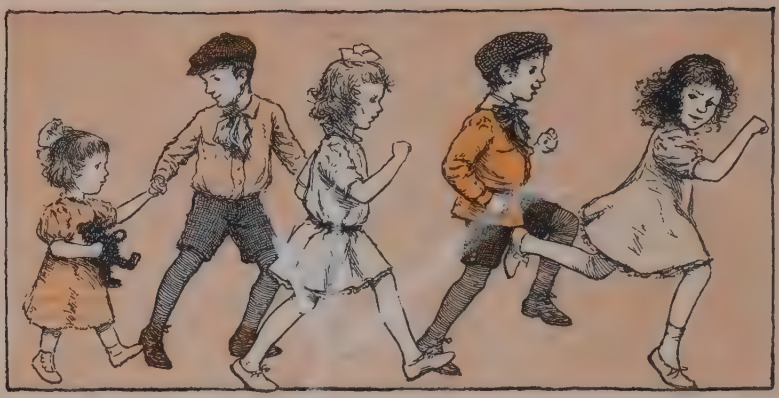
"And you may have picnics under the trees, when the weather is fine."

Mary danced for joy and John threw up his cap, to show how much he liked the plan.

"Why, mother," he said, "we can call it 'The Good Times Club.'"

"That is a good name," said his mother. "The Good Times Club shall have its first meeting to-morrow."

"Hurrah for The Good Times Club!" shouted Mary. And John turned three somersaults without stopping.



THE FIRST MEETING

It was time for the first meeting of The Good Times Club. Mrs. Allan was sewing on the porch. John and Mary were watching at the gate.

Brown-eyed Jack came first. He brought Frank, Joe, Nellie, and Mary with him. Wee Mary was soon fast asleep in the tent.

Then Alice came with Kate, Ned, and little Bess.

How the children laughed and shouted! How they all talked at once!

First of all, the little visitors wanted to see

the Allan children's home. So John and Mary showed them everything.

They saw the house, and the porch, with the lovely roses and the honeysuckle vine growing over it. They saw the vegetables growing in the kitchen garden.

They found the swing, and tried it, too. They found Shep's kennel under the oak tree, with Shep inside, fast asleep.

They visited the chickens and the pigeons. And last of all they went into the barn.

"This will be our playhouse when it rains," said John.

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed little Bess.

"Look, look!" shouted Ned.

"A mouse! a mouse! Run, run!" cried Alice.

They all ran pellmell over to the big maple tree.

How Mary and John and Jack did laugh at the others!

"Poor little mouse!" laughed Jack. "He was as frightened as you! He was running away from you as fast as he could."

"Would you like me to tell you a story?" said Mary. "Let us sit here under the maple tree and I will tell it to you."

They all sat down on the grass and Mary told her story. Nellie said it was the best one she had ever heard. It was called

A Teeny-Tiny Story

Once upon a time there was a teeny-tiny lady who lived in a teeny-tiny house.

One night the teeny-tiny lady had been asleep

a teeny-tiny while when she heard a teeny-tiny noise.

"Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!"

"What is that?" said the teeny-tiny lady in her teeny-tiny voice.

At first she hid her teeny-tiny head, but she heard the teeny-tiny noise again.

So she jumped out of her teeny-tiny bed and took her teeny-tiny candle in her teeny-tiny hand. Then she stole down her teeny-tiny stair.

She went into her teeny-tiny dining room and looked under her teeny-tiny table. But there was nothing under the table.

She looked in her teeny-tiny cupboard, but there was nothing in her cupboard.

All at once she heard the teeny-tiny noise again, "Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!"

It came from her teeny-tiny kitchen. So she opened her teeny-tiny door and looked under a teeny-tiny chair.

Out jumped a teeny-tiny—!

"Mouse! Mouse! Mouse!" screamed the teeny-tiny lady.

And up her teeny-tiny stair she ran.

When Mary's story about the teeny-tiny lady was ended, John said, "I know a story. My story has a mouse in it, too, but you have to wait quite a long time for the mouse part."

Alice said, "So much the better."

"Tell it," cried the other children. John began:

The Old Woman and Her Pig

Once upon a time an old woman was sweeping her house. To her great joy she found a silver sixpence.

"What shall I do with this silver sixpence?"

said she. "Oh, I know! I will go to market. There I shall buy a little pig with a pink nose."

So the next day she went to market. She bought a little white pig with a pink nose. She tied a string to one of the pig's legs and began to drive him home.

On the way home, the old woman and her pig came to a stile, and she said,

"Please, pig, get over the stile."

But the pig would not.

Just then a little dog came trotting up, and the old woman said to him, —

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the dog would not.

So the old woman held up her stick and said, —

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the stick would not.

So the old woman made a fire, and threw her stick into it, saying, —

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I sha'n't get home to-night."
But the fire would not.

So the old woman fetched a pail of water that was standing near, and said, —

"Water, water, quench
fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the
stile,
And I sha'n't get home
to-night."

But the water would not.

Then the old woman saw an ox, and she said, —

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by moonlight

It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour
and a half ago."
But the ox would not.

The old woman turned around, and saw a butcher, and she said, —

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by moonlight
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour
and a half ago."
But the butcher would not.

So the old woman took a rope out of her pocket, and said, —

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by moonlight
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were home an hour
and a half ago."
But the rope would not.

Just then a large, brown mouse ran across the meadow, and the old woman said,—

"Mouse, mouse, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;

Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't go.
I see by moonlight
It's long past midnight;
Time pig and I were
home an hour and a
half ago."

"Yes," said the mouse, "if you will give me some cheese."

The old woman put her hand in her pocket. There she found a nice piece of cheese. So she gave it to the mouse and, when the mouse had eaten it,

The mouse began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,

The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
And the pig began to go.
But what time the old woman and her pig got home, nor you, nor I, nor nobody knows.

John had to tell the story again and again, the children liked it so much.

Ned called it his story, and soon he could tell it as well as John.

CHICKEN LITTLE

Sometimes the children had a good time playing a story after it had been told to them. They liked the story of Chicken Little and they liked to play it, too.

They ran round and round the yard as they played it. Jack made the best King and Alice made the best Chicken Little.

The Play

(A big pea falls on Chicken Little's head.)

Ch. Little: Oh, dear! The sky is falling! I must run and tell the king about it.

(Chicken Little starts off; soon she meets Henny Penny.)

Henny Penny: Where are you going, this bright, sunny morning, Chicken Little?

Ch. Little: O Henny Penny! This morning, when I was picking up peas, a bit of the sky fell on my head, and I am going to tell the king.

Henny Penny: Oh, dear! I will go with you, Chicken Little.

(*They walk on together; soon they meet Cocky Locky.*)

Cocky Locky: Why, where are you going, Chicken Little and Henny Penny?

Ch. Little and Henny Penny: O Cocky Locky, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king.

Cocky Locky: Dear, dear! I will go with you, Chicken Little and Henny Penny.

(*They walk on; soon they meet Ducky Lucky.*)

Ducky Lucky: Good morning, Chicken Little, Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky. Where are you going, this bright, sunny morning?

Ch. Little, Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky: O Ducky Lucky, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king.

Ducky Lucky: Oh, me! I will go with you, Chicken Little, Henny Penny, and Cocky Locky.

(*They walk on together; soon they meet Goosey Loosey.*)

Goosey Loosey: Good morning, Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky. Where are you going, this sunny morning?

Ch. Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky: O Goosey Loosey, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king.

Goosey Loosey: Oh, my! Oh, me! I will go with you, Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, and Ducky Lucky.

(*They walk on together; soon they meet Turkey Lurkey.*)

Turkey Lurkey: Why, where are you going, Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey?

The Others: O Turkey Lurkey, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king.

Turkey Lurkey: Be quick! Be quick! I will go with you, Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, and Goosey Loosey.

(*Soon they come to the King's castle.*)

The King: What do you want, this bright, sunny morning, Chicken Little, Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey?

Ch. Little: O king, the sky is falling, and we have come to tell you.

The King: But the sky can not fall. Why did you think it was falling?

Ch. Little: I was picking up peas under some pea vines this morning, when something fell on my head. It fell so hard I am sure it was a piece of the sky.

The King: Foolish Chicken Little! Of course it was only a pea that fell. Why did you not stop to think? Just wait here a minute.

(*Goes into castle.*)

The King: (*Coming back.*) Now, foolish children, here are six thinking caps. This is for you, Chicken Little. This is for you, Henny Penny. This is yours, Cocky Locky. This is yours, Ducky Lucky. Here is yours, Goosey Loosey, and yours, Turkey Lurkey. (*Puts cap on each.*) Perhaps this will help you to think before you speak.

Now scamper home, and never take such a foolish journey again.
(*They all run off.*)

BED IN SUMMER

One warm morning, the children were sitting under the big maple tree.

"Alice," said Mary, "why did you come so late to-day?"

"The children all slept late this morning," said Alice. "They did not want to go to bed last night. They wanted to play, and I let them. They were lazy children this morning, and that made me late with my work."

"They must learn my poem," said Frank. "Jack taught the poem to me and I will teach it to them."

This is the poem that Frank taught to Kate and Ned. Kate and Ned liked it very much. Even small Bess tried to say it. Would you like to learn it, too?

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE FIRST LETTER

The children were sitting under the tree, again, that afternoon, talking about the lovely summer nights. How mothers do sometimes forget your bedtime — or perhaps they don't forget! Anyway, you stay up later. You watch the fireflies light their lamps in the grass and in the trees. Then you watch the stars light their lamps in the dark sky.

Mary had just begun to say "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," when up the walk came the postman. He had a letter for John and Mary, and John read it to them all. This is what he read:

SUMMERSIDE BEACH,
June 30, 1919.

DEAR JOHN AND MARY,

Your letter came this morning, telling all about The Good Times Club. What fun you

must have! It must be like having a picnic and a party every day.

Dorothy and I want to write to the Club. We want to tell you about some of our good times. That will be next best to being with you.

Dorothy found a starfish yesterday which she is going to send you. Next summer you will find some, too.

Your loving friend,

DAVID KINGMAN.

SOME BIRD STORIES

A family of robins lived in the old cherry tree near the house.

The children liked to watch the father and mother birds feed their four baby robins.

They would save crumbs from their lunches and scatter them near the tree for the birds.

"Robins like nice, fat, little worms better than crumbs," said Jack.

Then the children watched and, sure enough,

they soon found out that worms were what the robins wanted.

The children laughed to see the very small birds open their very large mouths.

"You funny little birds!" laughed Kate one day, as the four big yellow mouths flew open. "You are not pretty yet, but some day you will be. You belong to The Good Times Club. And the Club will take good care of you."

One day Mrs. Allan told the children some bird stories. Would you like to hear them?

A Brave Little Mother

Some people say that birds do not care for their eggs.

Hear what a little chickadee mother did when a man tried to steal the eggs out of her nest.

The nest was in a hole in an old stump. The man could not get his hand into the hole, so he began to take the eggs out, one at a time, with a little scoop.

At first the mother flew at him, trying to drive him away. Then the chickadees and other birds who lived near came to help her. They all flew about his face with cries. The man had to use one hand to keep the birds away from his eyes. But still he went on taking out the eggs.

At last the little mother dashed into the hole. She sat there in the doorway looking right into his face.

The man could not get another egg without hurting her, and he was ashamed to do that.

Do you think that this little creature did not care for her eggs?

—Olive Thorne Miller.

People who love birds can often tame them. A man once had a crow. He never shut the bird up, but let him fly about wherever he chose. The crow often flew far from his master's house.

One day he was out in a rain. His feathers got so wet that he could not fly well.

A boy caught the crow and carried him seven miles away. He clipped one wing so that the crow could not fly. He kept the bird shut up all winter.

Spring came. The first time the crow could get out, he started for his old home.

He could not fly because his wing was clipped. But he hopped seven miles through mud and wet.

At last the crow drew near his home. He was so tired that he was almost dead.

When his master saw him coming he went to

meet his pet. He took the bird up, and petted and talked to him.

The crow was very happy. He got well and lived for many years. His new feathers came and soon he could fly as well as ever. But never, after that, would he leave his home.

A True Pigeon Story

A man who once had two pairs of pigeons placed them in dovecots side by side.

In each pigeon family there were the father and mother pigeons with two little ones.

One day the two old birds in one dovecot went away to get food. While they were gone, one of their little birds fell out of the dovecot to the ground.

The baby bird was not much hurt, but it could not get back, for it was too young to fly. The owner put it back into the nest.

Now, the old birds in the other dovecot were at home when the young bird fell.

They seemed to say: "One of *our* little ones might fall in that same way. We must do something to make our dovecot safer."

They flew about until they found some small sticks. They carried these to their dovecot. In their doorway they built a fence of sticks!

It was just high enough to keep the young birds from falling out of the dovecot.

The owner had been watching the whole time. He saw these wise birds gather the sticks and build the fence.

This is a true story.

The Lark and the Farmer

A lark once had a nest in a wheat field. There were young larks in her nest.

When at last the young larks were old enough to fly, the wheat was nearly ripe.

One day the farmer came into the field. "The wheat is ripe," he said to his son. "Go ask our neighbors to help us cut it."

"Oh, dear!" chirped the young larks. "We must fly away at once."

"There is no need to go yet," answered the old lark.

"But are you not frightened?" chirped the young ones.

"No," said their mother; "not as long as the farmer waits for his neighbors to help him cut the wheat."

In a few days the farmer came again. "The wheat is ripe," he said to his son. "Our friends did not come to help us. Go ask your cousins to help us cut the wheat."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" peeped the young larks.

"Surely now we must go at once."

"Not yet," quietly answered the old lark.

"But are you not frightened *this* time?" asked the young ones.

"No," said their mother; "not as long as the farmer waits for the cousins to help him cut the wheat."

In a day or two the farmer came again to the field.

"This wheat should be cut at once," he said to his son. "I see we might as well do it ourselves. To-morrow morning we will come and cut the wheat."

"Now, my children," said the old lark, "it is time for us to fly."

The Cuckoo

After Mrs. Allan had told the bird stories, Alice said that Nellie knew a poem about a bird.

Nellie was a shy little girl. She did not want to say her poem. But the children all begged,

"Please, please, Nellie!" So she stood up, made a little bow, and said,

"In April, come he will;
In flowery May, he sings all day;
In leafy June, he changes his tune;
In bright July, he's ready to fly;
In August, go he must."

Then John read this poem from one of his books:

Who Stole the Bird's Nest

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Coo-oo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep. "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep. "Oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-oo! Coo-oo! Coo-oo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" said the
crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the
hen;
"Don't ask me again!
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen.
"Don't ask me again!"

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!"
All the birds make a stir!
"Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I wouldn't rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal:
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel!"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

—Lydia Maria Child.

IN THE GARDEN

One morning the children of The Good Times Club were in the kitchen garden. They were picking peas and beans for Mrs. Allan.

"Pick as many as you can, children," Mrs. Allan said. "The market man will come at twelve o'clock to-day. He will buy as many peas and beans as you can pick."

The Club went busily to work. How their fingers flew!

"Many hands make light work," sang John, after the children had been picking for an hour.

"Just see, mother!" called Mary. "We have picked two great baskets of peas and two baskets of beans."

"That will be enough, children," said Mrs. Allan, coming out to see. "And thank you very much. How did I ever get along without The Good Times Club!"

Just then "Click, click" went the garden gate.

"That must be the market man," said Alice.

"Where is The Good Times Club?" shouted a merry voice. "I have a letter and a package for The Good Times Club!"

"The postman! The postman!" shouted Kate, Joe, and Frank.

"Here! Here we are!" called Jack, Alice, and Mary.

John ran to meet the postman. Soon he came back with the letter and package.

"The letter is from Dorothy," said John.

"Our starfish must be in the package," said Mary. "Let us open them under the maple tree."

"I'll get there first!" cried Jack. Away he ran and all the children ran after him.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the children, as Mary held up the starfish. They had never before seen a starfish. John read the letter, while the children looked at Dorothy's queer gift.

SUMMERSIDE BEACH,
July 5, 1919.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE GOOD TIMES CLUB,

Here is a starfish that I found on the sand yesterday. He was not alive when I found him. You see he is brown and hard. Live starfish are red or purple and they are soft.

Starfish live only in salt water. They like to

hide among the rocks. They like to feel the water ripple over them. Some look very pink in the water.

You see this starfish has five arms. When he was alive he had one tiny eye at the end of each arm. That made five eyes. Isn't that queer? But he has even more feet than eyes.

Turn him over on his back, and see his hundreds of little feet. Sometimes these tiny feet cling to an oyster or a clam shell. Starfish like to eat oysters, snails, clams, and many other things. Father says they eat most of the time. I think they must be very greedy. Don't you?

Keep this starfish and think of me.

Your loving friend,

DOROTHY KINGMAN.

A RIDDLE THAT ALICE TOLD

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits;
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

(Answer — *One.*)

UNDER THE TREE

The children were all lying on the grass under the maple tree.

They had been weeding the garden for Mrs. Allan. It had rained the day before and many little weeds had sprung up in the lettuce bed. But many busy little fingers soon pulled out all the weeds.

Now the children were resting, and watching the white clouds sail across the blue sky.

"The clouds look like great white ships," said John.

"Hear the wind through the leaves," said Mary. "The wind is making the ships sail fast."

"I know a poem about the clouds," said Jack "The clouds are not called ships in my poem They are called something else."

"Please say it for us, Jack," cried the children

CLOUDS

The sky is full of clouds to-day,
  And idly, to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
  Across the heavens go.
I hear the wind with merry noise
  Around the housetops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys, —
  They're driving home their sheep.

The clouds move faster now; and see!
  The west is red and gold.
Each sheep seems hastening to be
  The first within the fold.
I watch them hurry on until
  The blue is clear and deep,
And dream that far beyond the hill
  The shepherds fold their sheep.

Then in the sky the trembling stars.
  Like little flowers shine out,
While night puts up the shadow bars,
  And darkness falls about.
I hear the shepherd wind's good-night—
  "Good-night, and happy sleep!"—
And dream that in the east, all white,
  Slumber the clouds, the sheep.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A GOOD FAT HEN

(One of John's Games)

1. A good fat hen.

2. Two ducks.

3. Three plump pigeons.

4. Four squawking wild geese.

5. Five sorrowful kittens that lost their mittens.

6. Six cages filled with singing canaries.

7. Seven hundred soldiers with swords and guns ready for battle.

8. Eight white elephants going to see the king.

9. Nine chattering magpies flying from tree to tree.

10. Ten boys and girls trying to remember what comes next.

John knew these lines by heart. He started the game by saying, "A good fat hen." Each child in turn said it after him.

Next John said, "Two ducks and a good fat hen." Each child in turn said that after him.

Then John said, "Three plump pigeons, two ducks, and a good fat hen."

Each child tried to remember it. Each tried in turn to say it just as John did. And so the game went on.

You see there are ten parts to remember. Any child who could not remember all that John said each time was out of the game.

Some of the children laughed so much that they forgot to think. But John said it all, without forgetting anything. So he won the game.

THE HAYMAKERS

I

"Mother, may Jack and I cut the grass this morning?" said John, one day soon after the rain.

"And may we help?" said Mary and Alice.

"May we help, too?" cried Frank, Kate, and Joe.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Allan; "you may all help. The grass does need to be cut, and I think that you children can do it.

"John, you and Jack may run the lawn mower. Mary and Alice may get the rakes.

"Frank, see if you can find John's express wagon in the barn. You can use that for your hay cart, and Kate and Joe will be your horses. Alice and Mary will rake the grass into piles. Then you can load the grass into your cart and your horses will draw it to the barn."

"Hurrah for our haying party!" shouted Jack. And away scampered the children as fast as they could go.

II

How they did work!

John and Jack took turns at pushing the lawn mower. Mary and Alice raked the grass into piles.

Frank loaded the hay cart again and again, and the fat little horses traveled to the barn and back many times.

Once they sat down to rest.

"Now let me be a horse," said Jack.

"I'll be one too," said John, "and Ned can be driver."

Ned was very happy to be driver. He climbed proudly up on the load of grass in the wagon, but his horses ran away.

"Whoa! Whoa!" he shouted to them, but they scampered about the lawn till they came to a nice big pile of grass. Then they spilled Ned out, right into the middle of it.

"Ha! ha! ha! Do it again!" laughed Ned when he had picked himself up.

"Take me!" cried little Nellie.

But the two horses were kicking their heels in the air and sticking their heads in the grass. It looked such fun to the other children that soon they were all tumbling about in the grass.

III

After a while John said, "We must make hay while the sun shines. Come on, let's get to work!" and off he ran to his lawn mower.

Poor Mary and Alice had to pile the grass all over again, so Jack helped.

Frank soon had the wagon full, but there was only Kate to draw it. Joe could not be found.

"Joe, Joe, Joe!" cried the children. Mary started for the house to see if Joe was with Mrs. Allan. On her way, she found him fast asleep in the wheelbarrow.

At last the work was done. Then the haymakers and the tired horses drank milk and ate fresh sponge cake under the maple tree.

"Why, look!" said Alice, suddenly. "There is a letter pinned to the tree."

"Oh!" cried Mary, "the postman must have put it there while we were busy haying!"

"It is from David to The Good Times Club!" shouted John.

John took the letter down from the tree and opened it.

"How funny!" said John. "David and Dorothy are making hay too."

Here is David's letter:

SUMMERSIDE BEACH,
August 1, 1919.

DEAR GOOD TIMES CLUB,

How do you like our ox-o-mobile? Won't you take a ride with us? Or are you afraid we shall go too fast? Father took a picture of us one day, and here we are.

Did you ever see real oxen? These oxen are Joe and Ben. They are stronger than horses,

but they are pretty slow. To-night Mr. White let us feed Joe and Ben when work was done.

All day long we stay out in the hayfield with Mr. White. We help the men spread the fresh hay out to dry. Mr. White lets us ride to the barn on the loads of hay. It is such fun to jolt across the rough fields on top of the high loads of sweet-smelling hay!

Making hay is sleepy work, and I must go to bed now.

Your loving friend,

David Kingman.

How many seconds in a minute?
Sixty, and no more in it.
How many minutes in an hour?
Sixty, for sun and shower.
How many hours in a day?
Twenty-four, for work and play.
How many days in a week?
Seven, both to hear and speak.

A GREAT RHYME

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
If all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!
If all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!
And if that great man took that great axe
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splash, splash that would be!

—Mother Goose.

A RIDDLE

Higher than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can that be?

(*A star.*)

RAIN

The rain is raining all around;
It falls on field and tree;
It rains on the umbrellas here
And on the ships at sea.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A CIRCUS

I

One day it rained. A thick gray cloud hid the blue sky. The big drops came down thick and fast.

John and Mary looked out of the window very often that morning. They were afraid it was too wet for The Good Times Club to meet.

All at once they saw something queer coming along the road.

"It looks like a big black bear," said Mary, "but it has too many feet."

They looked and looked with all their eyes. At last they gave a shout.

"The children are coming!" they cried.

The queer thing in the road was The Good Times Club and not a bear at all.

Wee Mary and Bess were sitting in a little

cart. The others were pushing and pulling it along. The children carried two funny old umbrellas, all in a little black huddle.

This was the very day to play in the old barn. What do you think they played?

II

"What shall we play to-day?" asked John.

"A circus! A circus!" they all shouted.

That was what John wanted, too, and soon they were all hard at work getting ready for a circus.

Uncle John and Aunt Mary had come from the country to spend the day. Their kind old horse, Kate, was tied in one of the stalls. Alice thought Kate would make a good giraffe, because she stretched her head so high. So Alice printed in big letters on a piece of brown paper, THE GIRAFFE. She pinned it to Kate's stall.

Jack, Mary, and John brought in the dog kennel. Shep liked to play circus, too. He

made a fine lion, but he could not roar very well. The children did that for him.

Then Jack found old Gray, the cat. The first thing old Gray knew, she was a TIGER in a cage. It was a queer cage. It was round like a barrel.

Next came two eagles. They could not fly, for they were in a cage, too. They looked a little like a hen and a rooster. Perhaps that was only because their cage looked like a hencoop.

A stout rope swing hung down from the beams of the old barn. The children piled dry grass under the swing. They had brought this grass in from the yard, the day that they were haymakers.

And now all was ready.

III

Ned pounded on an old drum, and Mrs. Allan and Aunt Mary came to the circus.

They walked about and looked at the strange

animals. Then they sat down on a bench in front of the pile of hay and waited for the circus to begin.

They watched John and Jack do funny tricks on the swing. Then all the children played in the dried grass. They were very merry. But they stopped when Uncle John came into the barn.

At first, nobody knew it was Uncle John. He had on a big wide skirt, a shawl, and a bonnet. The children were too much surprised to speak. They watched him untie old Kate. He led her from her stall. Then Uncle John took off his boots and climbed up on her back.

First he stood on one foot. Then he stood on the other. Then he stood on both feet while old Kate went round and round the big barn.

How the children clapped their hands and shouted! And how Mrs. Allan and Aunt Mary laughed! Everybody said that rainy days were the best days of all.

EARTH, AIR, FIRE, AND WATER

(Mary's Game)

"Let us name something that lives on the earth," said Mary, one day, when all the children were ready to play a game.

Here are some of the names that the children gave:

Lion, cat, dog, girl, boy, bear, duck, horse, cow.

"Now name something that lives in the air," said Mary.

The children named butterflies, bees, and many kinds of birds.

"Think of something that lives in the water," said Mary.

"Polliwogs, catfish, frogs, starfish, sponges," said the children.

"Now you are ready to play my game," said Mary.

"I shall call some one's name," said Mary. "Then I shall say *earth, air, fire,* or *water* and I shall count ten just as fast as I can.

"If I call your name and say *earth,* you must name something that lives on the earth. If I say *air,* you must name something that lives in the air. If I say *water,* you must name something that lives in the water. You must give the name before I have counted ten. But if I say *fire,* you must keep very still.

"Do not put birds in the water. Do not put boys in the air. Do not put fish on the earth. Remember not to say anything when I say *fire.*"

Then Mary began the game:

"Jack! *Air!* One — two — three — four — five —"

"Robin!" said Jack, quickly.

Mary tried again:

"Joe! *Earth!* One — two — three — four —"

"Monkey!" shouted Joe.

"Good, Joe," said Mary. Then she said: "Frank! *Fire!* One — two — three — four — five — six — "

"Fish!" cried Frank.

The other children laughed and so did Frank. Then Frank started the game.

He called out:

"Mary! *Water!* One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — *ten!*"

Mary was so surprised she could only say, "I can't think of a single thing that lives in the water!"

So she had to start the game all over again.

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?

— Mother Goose.

THE PICNIC

I

John and Mary Allan were very lucky children. They had a kind father and mother. Then they had a jolly Uncle John and a loving Aunt Mary who lived on a fine big farm not very far away.

Uncle John and Aunt Mary had something on their farm that children always love. So do most grown-ups. Would you like to guess what it was?

It lived and moved, but was not an animal. It was not a bird. It had to be fed, but its food came from the clouds. It had a head and a mouth and no feet, but it ran on and on, for nobody knows how many miles.

It always had something to say. Sometimes it whispered. Sometimes it talked. Sometimes it roared. It roared when the clouds

had fed it too much. Have you guessed the riddle? Do you know what this happy plaything was? John and Mary called it the brook.

One morning Uncle John drove in from his farm. He drove to the home of John and Mary. He had two horses and a wagon with plenty of clean, soft straw in it.

"I am going to have a picnic," he said. "Who wants to come to my picnic down by the brook?"

It didn't take the children long to climb into the wagon.

"Get up! Go on!" cried Uncle John to his horses, and off they went.

The children waved their hands and shouted, "Good-by! Good-by!" to Mrs. Allan. It was the merriest picnic party you can think of.

II

There are many nice things to do on every farm. But when the children tumbled out of the wagon, where do you think they went? After they had said "Good morning" to Aunt Mary, they followed Jack straight to the brook.

A brook is such a jolly playfellow! It can make games for everyone. John and Jack were very kind boys. They always helped make the little children happy. But to-day the brook made all the children happy.

On the little sandy beach were some big iron spoons and some tin pails. The brook seemed to

say to the older children, "Now you run and play! Have the best time you can. I'll take care of the babies. With the spoons and the pails and the sand they'll be happy all day long."

"May we wade in the brook?" said Kate.

"Yes, indeed! We always do," said Mary.

So off came shoes and stockings, and into the water the children went.

The little minnows and the polliwogs had a great fright. Two robins and a catbird had just come to take a bath, but they flew away in a hurry.

Little Bess called to them, "Come, birdie, birdie! Let me take you home to my mother." But the birds stayed up in the trees, saying, "Tweet-tweet."

"They are saying, 'Please go away; we don't know you very well,'" said Nellie.

The birds did not like the splashing in the quiet brook, but the children liked it. They waded in the cool, soft water. They jumped

from stone to stone. They climbed up and down the shady banks. They followed John over a great tree that had fallen, making a bridge across the brook.

"Hark! I hear a bell ringing," said Frank.

"It is a school bell," said Kate. "A school bell in vacation!"

"That isn't a school bell," laughed John. "That is Uncle John's dinner bell. Aunt Mary rings it when she wants Mary and me. Let's see who'll get to the house first."

And away they ran over the bridge and across the fields to the house.

III

Mary led the way to the dining room. It looked a little queer. There was no dinner laid on the table: only eleven little baskets were on it. Ned peeped into one of the baskets. It was full of something, and on top lay a white napkin and a brown gingerbread man.

"Yes," said Aunt Mary. "Each child is to have a basket. Some of you must carry two for the little ones down by the brook."

"Let me take two," said Mary.

"I will take another, too," said Ned.

"Thank you," said Aunt Mary. "But first we must wash our hands. I am sure your hands aren't really that queer dark color."

When the hands were washed, the children took the baskets and started for the brook again.

"Be careful! Go slowly," said Alice.

"Yes, indeed! Who knows what might happen to the baskets if we ran?" said Ned.

"I hear something rattle in mine," said John.

Aunt Mary and Hannah went with them, taking great pitchers of sweet creamy milk. On the soft grass at the foot of a great oak tree, they all sat down. The children opened their baskets, and ate the gingerbread men first of all. Then they ate the other good things. Aunt Mary knew what children liked.

IV

When the lunch was nearly gone, they heard a loud "Quack, quack!" And there in the brook were seven fluffy, yellow ducks, with their mother.

Everyone kept very still, so that these new visitors should not be scared away. While the children were quiet, Aunt Mary told this little story:

"My dears, whatever are you at?
  You ought to be at home;
I told you not to wet your feet,
  I told you not to roam.

"Oh dear, I'm sure you will be drowned!
  I never saw such tricks:
Come home at once and go to bed,
  You naughty, naughty chicks."

Now, most of them were five days old,
  But one, whose age was six —
"Please, ma'am," said he, "I think we're ducks;
  I don't believe we're chicks!"

—Robert Mack.

This made everybody laugh, and then away went the ducks.

"Now, we have lost our yellow boats," said Jack.

"Never mind! We'll have some green ones," cried John. He climbed up into the tree over their heads, and down fell a shower of shiny, green leaves into the baskets, which the children held out for them. Soon a whole fleet

of little green boats went sailing into the stream.

"This one is a ferryboat," said Mary. "It is going to take these people across the river." And she put some blades of grass on the leaf.

"Mine is going to find a big river," said Alice. "Perhaps it will go to the ocean."

"Look, look!" cried all the children; "it is going!"

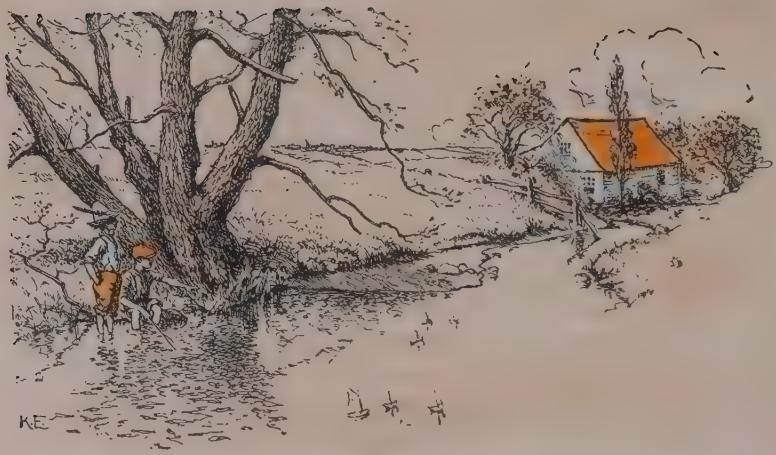
Away went the gay little boats out into the middle of the stream. On, on they sailed, under the trees, past the rocks, and on toward the river.

"Good-by, little boats! A happy voyage!" said Mary.

Just then they heard Uncle John calling, "Who is ready for a straw ride?"

Was the picnic really over? Shoes and stockings were slowly put on. The little ones were lifted into the wagon, and they cuddled down sleepily in the straw.

"Good-by, good-by," and "Thank you," sang the children as the wagon rolled away.



WHERE GO THE BOATS?

Dark brown is the river,
  Golden is the sand;
It flows along forever,
  With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
  Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
  Where will all come home?

On goes the river,
  And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
  Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
  A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
  Shall bring my boats ashore.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

(*Another Letter*)

It was almost time for David and Dorothy to come home. So this is the last letter that David wrote to The Good Times Club.

Summerside Beach,
September 1, 1919.

Dear Good Times Club,

We must tell you about our visit to a lighthouse. Yesterday father took Dorothy and me for a long walk. We walked and walked, until at last we found ourselves on some very high rocks. The great sea lay before us. How the waves dashed against the rocks!

The lighthouse was built on those gray old rocks. It looked like a big, round tower.

The lighthouse keeper and his little daughter, Helen, came to meet us. They live in the lighthouse all alone.

The lighthouse was the cleanest place you can think of. Downstairs we saw the kitchen, a living room, and two bedrooms.

Then we went upstairs to see the great lamp. We went up, and up, and up, some queer steep stairs, winding round and round, until we reached the top. There was the big lamp all shiny and bright.

You know the great rocks are very dangerous. At night, when the big lamp is lighted, its light shines far out across the water. Ships do not go near the lighthouse, for they would be dashed against the rocks if they did.

Our lighthouse keeper told us a story:

One day he went away in his boat. He told Helen he would be back in time to light the lamp. But a storm came up and he could not get back. Night came, and it was time to light the lamp.

Helen was only seven years old, but she

climbed all the dark stairs. She took her little chair with her. When she reached the top, she climbed up on her chair and lighted the big lamp.

Her father was trying to get home in his boat. The light showed him the way. Wasn't Helen a brave little girl?

She is ten years old now. Her father calls her his little "Keep-houser." Isn't that a funny name?

Vacation will soon be over. Then we shall see you all. Hurrah!

Your loving friend,

DAVID KINGMAN.

The horses of the sea
  Rear a foaming crest,
But the horses of the land
  Serve us best.

The horses of the land
  Munch corn and clover,
While the foaming sea-horses
  Toss and turn over.

— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THERE'S A SHIP ON THE SEA

There's a ship on the sea. It is sailing to-night,
Sailing to-night!
And father's aboard, and the moon is all bright,
Shining and bright:
Dear moon, he'll be sailing for many a night —
Sailing from mother and me.
Oh, follow the ship with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea!

— Mary Mapes Dodge.

OFF TO THE FARM

One morning Uncle John drove in from his farm. He came to take John home with him for a week.

"I need a good boy to help me with the early apple picking," said Uncle John to Mrs. Allan. "Can you let me have your boy for a week?"

And Mrs. Allan said, "Yes."

Uncle John had brought two baskets of apples with him. He said the apples were for Mrs. Allan and The Good Times Club.

When little Bess saw the apples, she did something that made every one laugh.

She tried to pick up two apples at once in each hand. The apples were large, and wee Bess's hands were small and chubby.

She tried again and again, but each time she tried, the apples rolled away from her.

At last Bess looked up with two great tears in her eyes.

"Don't cry, Bess," laughed Uncle John. "Try taking just *one* apple."

Bess was soon eating a big, red apple.

"That makes me think of a story," said Uncle John.

"Oh, please tell us the story, Uncle John!" cried John and Mary.

"Yes, yes! Do tell it," said the other children.

Uncle John and little John were seated in the wagon just ready to start. But Uncle John told this story:

A boy once put his hand into a jar to take some nuts.

He took so many that there was no room for his hand to come out. In a great fright he burst into tears.

"Take only half as many at a time," said a man, who was watching the boy. "Then your hand will come out easily."

The greedy boy dropped half the nuts, and at once out came his hand.

"I shall never tell why my mother told that story to me," said Uncle John, laughing.

"I think I know," cried Jack.

"I'm sure I know," said John.

"And I! And I!" called the other children.

But Uncle John only laughed again and said, "Get up."

Away went the horses! And away went John with his uncle to spend a week on the farm.

ON THE FARM

John had a very busy and happy week on the farm.

He wrote a letter to The Good Times Club. Would you like to read it? Here it is:

Appledale Farm,
September 10, 1919.

Dear Mary and all of The Good Times Club:

I have been having such a good time. Would you like to hear about apple picking and about your friend, "John, the Apple Picker"?

Uncle John has hundreds of apple trees. Some of them are full of beautiful, ripe, early apples.

How I wish you could see the ripe fruit among

the green leaves of the trees! Every tree looks like a big red and green, or yellow and green bouquet.

Uncle John takes almost as much care of his apple trees as mother takes of us. And what do you think! We must not climb into a tree, because that hurts the young shoots. We have to pick the apples from step-ladders.

Each one is given a basket, and then he climbs a stepladder. When the basket is full, it is taken to the packing shed near by.

Here the apples are packed into barrels for the market. Then the train carries the barrels to the cities.

The packers work like lightning and they never seem to make mistakes.

One day I tried to pack some apples. Uncle John said I was as slow as molasses in January.

But I can pick apples almost as fast as any of the men. Uncle John says that I can. And

I think I can eat them faster than any of the men.

When I am a man I want to be a farmer and I want to have an apple farm just like Uncle John's.

I know something nice. Yesterday Uncle John and I packed two barrels of apples. One had Jack's name on it, and the other said, "For Alice." I hope you all like to eat apples.

Have you missed me at home? I am coming back, day after to-morrow. I shall be with you under the maple tree by five o'clock in the afternoon.

Your busy friend,

JOHN.

JOHN'S SURPRISE

"Mother, I wish we could have a surprise for John when he comes home to-morrow," said Mary, after she had read John's letter to The Good Times Club. "To-morrow will be his birthday."

"Well, let me think," said Mrs. Allan. "Perhaps we can."

The children kept quite still, so Mrs. Allan could think.

"How do you think John would like to have a birthday party?" she said, after a minute.

"We can have bread and butter and blackberry jam, and we can have candy, too.

"You shall make the jam and the candy yourselves, and I will be the cooking teacher. How would you like that?"

The children shouted and clapped their hands at this fine plan.

They made so much noise that they could hardly hear when Mrs. Allan said:

"Jack, will you pick the blackberries? Mr. Brown said yesterday, we might have all we wanted."

"Yes, Mrs. Allan," said Jack.

"May I help?" said Frank.

Away ran the boys with a pail. While Jack and Frank picked blackberries, the other children picked a basket of peas for Mr. Brown.

The Cooking Class

"Are hands washed and aprons on?" asked Mrs. Allan, at nine o'clock the next morning.

"Yes, mother!" said Mary. And "Yes, Mrs. Allan!" said the others.

"Then it is time for the cooking class to begin," laughed Mrs. Allan. "Now listen very carefully to your cooking teacher."

They all sat as still as mice.

"Frank, you and Kate are to make the candy for the birthday party," said Mrs. Allan.

"Oh, good!" shouted Kate and Frank.

"Sh! Listen, children!" said Alice.

"Take this bag of peanuts and shell them under the maple tree," said Mrs. Allan. "When you have finished, you may each eat five peanuts, but no more. You will need all the others for the candy."

Away ran Frank and Kate. And they did just as they were told.

"Now, Jack, Alice, and Mary," said Mrs. Allan, "you are to make the blackberry jam. I have written the recipe on John's blackboard.

"Here are the blackberries and three small kettles. Here are some tumblers for the jam. If you need me, call me," said Mrs. Allan, as she left the kitchen.

Then Mary read the recipe aloud.

Blackberry Jam

Pick over blackberries. Mash them in kettle, using wooden potato masher. Heat slowly to boiling point.

Then add an equal quantity of heated sugar. Cook slowly forty-five minutes. Put in glass tumblers.

"We can do that," said Alice, when Mary had finished reading.

"Mary put the kettle on,
Alice put the kettle on,
Jack put the kettle on,
We'll all make jam."

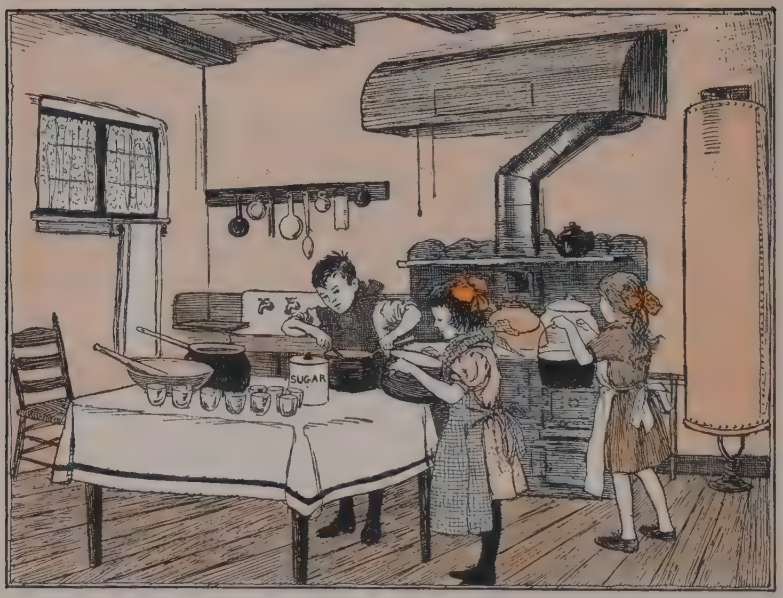
sang Jack, as he went to work.

The children washed and picked over the berries. They mashed the berries in their kettles. They heated the sugar in a pan in the oven.

They put the kettles on the stove and heated the blackberries to the boiling point. Then they mixed the sugar with the berries.

They cooked this slowly for forty-five minutes. Then they poured the jam into the glass tumblers.

"Oh, mother! Do come and see! It looks just like your blackberry jam!" cried Mary, when they had finished.



"Why, children, it looks delicious!" said Mrs. Allan, when she saw the row of glasses on the table.

"It *is* delicious," said Jack. "I know, because I tasted it."

"Won't John open his eyes this afternoon!" laughed Alice.

"Now, wash the dishes, children," said Mrs. Allan. "Here come Frank and Kate. That

means the peanuts are shelled, and candy time has come."

The jolly little jam makers soon had the kitchen cleared.

And now would you like to hear how the candy was made?

First Mrs. Allan wrote the candy recipe upon the board. Then Jack read it aloud while Frank and Kate listened carefully.

Peanut Brittle

2 cups sugar 1 quart peanuts

Shell and chop the peanuts. Spread these out in a large buttered pan. Put the sugar in a smooth saucepan and stir every minute until melted to a clear syrup. When melted, pour at once over the chopped nuts.

Kate and Frank felt very important. They chopped the peanuts and spread them out in two buttered pans.

Each had a saucepan full of sugar. Each

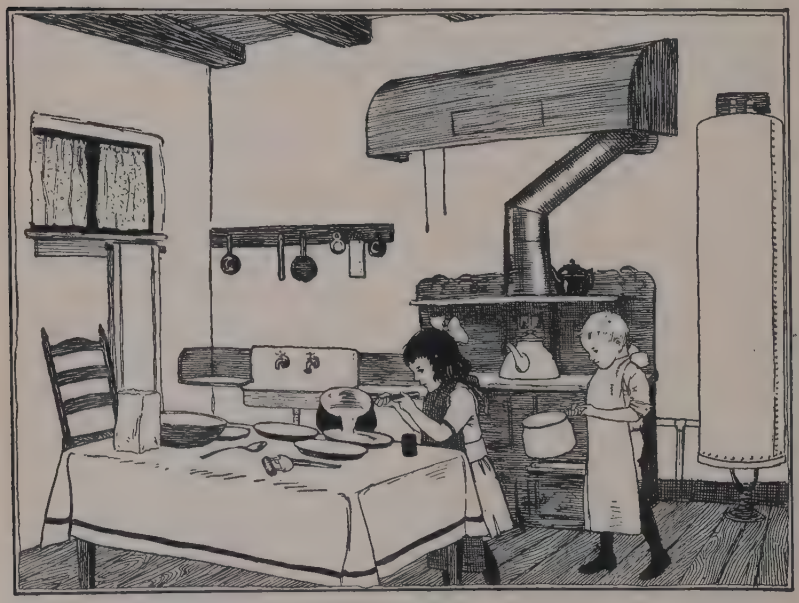
stood on a stool by the stove. Each stirred the sugar every minute until it was melted. Then each poured the syrup over the nuts in the pans.

The candy soon grew hard and brittle.

"It is just right," said Mother Allan. "I could not have made it better myself."

Kate and Frank thought they had made the candy alone, but they had three good helpers.

Can you guess who helped them?



THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

It was almost five o'clock. The table was set under the maple tree.

Mary had put a bowl of sweet peas on the table and there were sweet peas by each plate.

Mrs. Allan had cut great slices of her good homemade bread. The blackberry jam had been put on the table in dainty dishes, and the peanut brittle was in a pretty basket.

Mrs. Allan and the children were all dressed fresh and clean. Mr. Allan had come home early from his work. Every one was waiting for John to come.

"There he is! There is John!" cried Mary

suddenly. "That is Uncle John's wagon. Uncle John is driving and John is waving his hat to us."

The horses stopped, and John sprang out.

"Happy birthday, John! Happy birthday!" cried all the children.

John looked at all the merry faces. Then he looked at the pretty table under the maple tree.

"Well, well, John!" laughed Uncle John. "We came just in time. Why, bless me! I believe I'm hungry!"

Everybody laughed and talked at once.

"Happy birthday, John! Happy birthday!" cried two voices suddenly, from the garden gate.

Everyone turned and looked. Then a great shout went up from the children.

"David and Dorothy!" shouted John and Mary.

"David and Dorothy have come home!" cried all the other children.

There never was such a happy birthday party. John said so himself, and John ought to know.

It was a tight squeeze around the table.

Wee Mary sat in Mrs. Allan's lap and Mr. Allan took small Bess on his knee. Uncle John sat between Joe and Nellie.

No bread and butter was ever so good! No blackberry jam ever went faster!

"There!" said Uncle John, all at once. "I had almost forgotten something. I have a surprise for this party myself."

Uncle John went to his wagon. Soon he came back with a great wooden pail.

"Ice cream!" cried the children. And it was. Aunt Mary had made it for the birthday.

"Mother, haven't we a surprise for this party, too?" said Mr. Allan.

"Why, where *is* mother?" said John and Mary.

Mrs. Allan had gone into the house.

II

Soon she came out of the house, carrying a basket. The basket was filled with delicious little cup cakes.

"These are surprise cakes for The Good Times Club," said Mrs. Allan. "In each cake you will find a surprise from father and me, so eat very carefully."

"I've found something in my cake!" cried John, as he took a bite. Everybody looked.

"It is a little silver ring!" said John, holding it up.

"Look at the ring carefully, John," said his father.

"Why, it has a name in it, and some letters, too," laughed John. "It says, *Bess—G. T. C.*"

"*G. T. C.* stands for *Good Times Club.* Hurrah! Hurrah! A surprise in every cake!" cried Jack.

"Bess is *my* name," said little Bess.

"So it is," laughed Jack. And he put the ring on her chubby little finger.

"I've found a ring in my cake, too!" cried Frank. "My ring says *Kate—G. T. C.*" And Frank gave Kate's ring to her.

"Here is one! I've found a ring!" cried the children, one after another.

There was a small silver ring for each child.

Mrs. Allan said that David and Dorothy belonged to The Good Times Club, too. So, of course, there were rings for David and Dorothy.

"We can keep our rings always," said Alice.

"This is the jolliest party any boy ever had!" said John.

"The Good Times Club is the best club in the world!" said bright-eyed Jack.

"And father and mother Allan are the dearest father and mother in the world," said Mary, giving each a hug.

Then The Good Times Club gave three cheers for Uncle John and Aunt Mary, three cheers for John, three cheers for David and Dorothy, three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Allan, and three cheers for the Club. After that, the "Good-byes" and "Thank you's" were soon said.

The birthday party was over.

THE GOOD-BY PARTY

I

"Mother," asked Mary Allan, a few days after the birthday party, "don't you think we might have another party before school begins?"

"Perhaps we can," said Mrs. Allan. "How would it do to have a good-by party?"

"Oh, that would be the very thing!" said Mary. "A party just like the one we have before school closes!"

"Good!" said John. "Then we can ask Aunt Mary and Uncle Jack, and Mr. and Mrs. Kingman to come."

"I am sure they will all be glad to come," said Mrs. Allan. "But the party must be very soon. School begins next week, you know."

"We can have it on Friday, then," said John.

"Oh, mother, please tell us what to do first," said Mary.

"I know," said John. "The first thing is to make a program."

"I think you should first invite your guests," said Mrs. Allan. "Mary can write to Mr. and Mrs. Kingman, and John to Aunt Mary and Uncle Jack. After supper, I will help you make the program."

When the letters were written and posted, Mary and John came to their mother on the porch.

"Now, mother, we are ready," they said.

"We shall need pencil and paper, for we must write out the program," said Mrs. Allan.

"Oh, I have brought three pieces of paper and three pencils," said Mary: "one for each of us."

"Very good," said Mrs. Allan. "First, let us have the program in two parts, and let us begin with Part One."

So Mrs. Allan and the children each wrote, "Part One" at the head of their papers.

"What next?" asked Mary.

"Well, suppose you tell me what you Good Times Club children can do?" said Mrs. Allan.

"Oh, we can recite poetry!" cried Mary.

"And we can sing, too," said John.

"It would be nice for the whole Club to begin the program," said Mrs. Allan. "Suppose we sing a song together for the first number."

So Mrs. Allan wrote on her paper, below "Part One":

1. Song . . . . The Good Times Club

"What song shall it be, mother?" asked Mary.

"We can decide that later," answered her mother. "We'll have to see what song we all know. Next, let one of the little girls recite a poem. Who shall it be?"

"Kate," said John.

"I don't think Kate knows a poem, mother," said Mary. "She is only seven years old, you know."

"Oh, we can find one for her," said Mrs. Allan.

"I know what to do," said John. "Mother will choose all the recitations, and then nobody

will know what any of the others is to do until the party."

"Oh, what fun!" said Mary. "Will you do that, mother?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Allan, "and I think it will be much more fun if we all keep the secrets and then surprise one another.

"I know a nice little poem that Ned can say. Let us put him down for number three."

So Mrs. Allan wrote:

2. Recitation . . . . . Kate
3. Recitation . . . . . Ned

John and Mary copied what their mother had written.

"Mother, can't we three big girls act a little play?" asked Mary.

"That will be great fun, Mary," said Mrs. Allan.

"I know what the boys would like to do," said John; "only I can't even tell what it is before Mary, mother. Everything about it has to be a surprise."

"Very well," said Mrs. Allan, smiling at John, "you and I will talk it over later. The girls' play will make a very good ending to Part One of the program."

So they all wrote:

4. Play . . . Mary, Dorothy, and Alice

"We'll keep John's surprise for the longest number in Part Two," said Mrs. Allan. "How many boys shall you need for your surprise, John?"

"Four, mother," answered John, "the oldest four."

"The oldest four are you and David and Jack and Frank," said Mary, "and that leaves only little Joe for a recitation."

"Well, let us write that down, anyway," said Mrs. Allan, showing her paper. She had written:

PART TWO

1. Recitation . . . . . Joe

John and Mary copied this in their programs.

"Now," went on Mrs. Allan, "we must have another recitation in Part Two. Frank can have a small part in your surprise, John, and recite a short poem, too."

So they all wrote:

2. Short recitation . . . . . Frank

"And then comes John's surprise by the four big boys," said Mary.

"And let us end the program with a song by the whole Club," said Mrs. Allan. So they wrote on their papers:

3. Surprise . John, Jack, David, and Frank
4. Song . . . The Good Times Club

"Now, children," said Mrs. Allan, "it's growing too dark to write any more, and I think that means bedtime."

"What's all this?" said Mr. Allan, coming out on the porch. "You have been as busy and as secret all the evening as if you were getting ready for Christmas."

"Oh, just wait until Friday, father, dear!" cried Mary. "We have been planning secrets, but it's not for Christmas. It's going to be a party."

"We've been making the program," said John. "And you're to be invited, father."

"Oh, thank you," said father, "I shall come with pleasure. Let us all wish for clear weather!" he called out, as John and Mary went upstairs to bed.

II

Next morning, Mary and John told the other children about the party. Each child, after talking with Mrs. Allan, began to study hard. For two days, in all the quiet corners, the children were studying away for dear life.

Friday morning was clear and bright, just right for the party, and John and Mary began early to make things ready for the afternoon. John and his father carried the porch chairs down upon the lawn under the maple tree, and set them in a row.

"Oh, that won't be enough," said Mary. "Let's ask mother if we may bring out the dining-room chairs, too."

Mary ran into the house, and soon came out again, carrying a great shawl over her arm.

"Mother says we may bring out the other chairs, John. She says we can use her old shawl for the curtain, father."

"Just the thing!" said father. "John, climb up into the tree, and I'll throw you the end of the shawl. You can pin it over the branch. The shawl will hang down like a curtain and can be pulled to one side when we are ready for the plays."

By half past one the stage was all ready.

By two o'clock, all the guests were sitting in the chairs under the maple tree. Little baby Mary, Nellie, and Bess were too small to take part, so they handed to the guests the programs which Mrs. Allan had written. This is how the program looked:

Program

Part One

1. Song: . . . . . Midsummer Frolics
   The Good Times Club
2. Recitation: . Seven Times One are Seven
   Kate
3. Recitation: . . . . . Bird Thoughts
   Ned
4. Play: . . . . Queen Alice's Examination
   Mary, Alice, and Dorothy

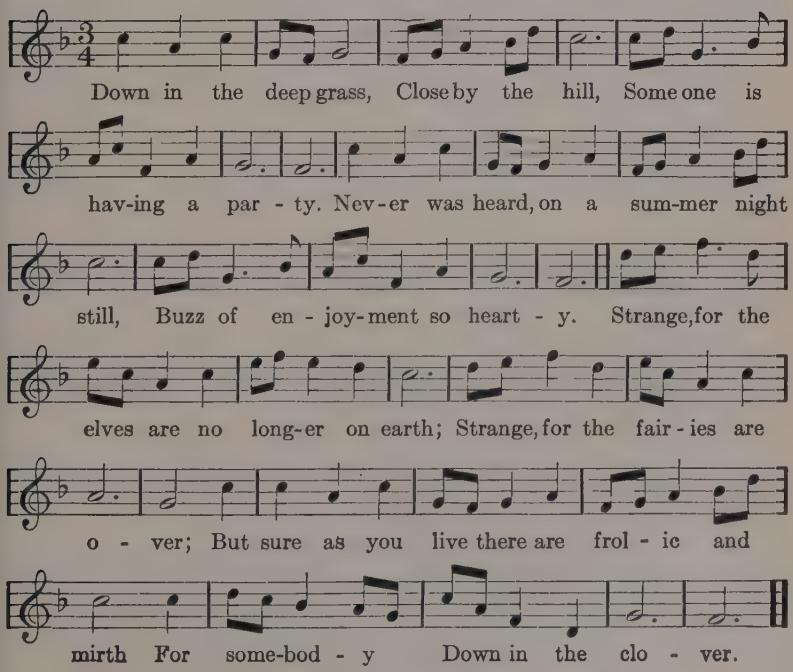
Part Two

1. Recitation: . . . When I was a Bachelor
   Joe
2. Recitation: . . . . . Riddle
   Frank
3. Play: . . . . The Woodman and the Elf
   Acted by John, David, Jack,
   and Frank
4. Song: . . . . . Good-by to the Flowers
   The Good Times Club

"Oh, see!" said Mrs. Kingman to Aunt Mary, "the program is beginning"; for Joe had appeared before the big curtain. He pulled it to one side, and pinned it fast to the trunk of the maple tree, — and there was the whole Good Times Club, standing in a row.

This is the song that they sang:

MIDSUMMER FROLICS



"What a pretty song!" said Aunt Mary.

Then Joe pulled the curtain back again, and seven-year-old Kate walked out in front of it.

"Sh!" said Uncle Jack. "Kate is going to recite for us."

Kate made a bow, and recited:

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN

There is no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There is no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always; they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O velvet bee! you're a dusty fellow;
  You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
  Give me your money to hold.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
  Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo pint, toll me the purple clapper
  That hangs in your clear, green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it,
  I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet —
  I am seven times one to-day.

— Jean Ingelow.

Everybody clapped as Kate made another bow and walked behind the curtain.

"I think that little girl said her poem very nicely," said Mr. Allan. "And she learned it all in two days."

"So did little Ned, who is coming now," said Mrs. Allan, as Ned made his bow.

This was Ned's recitation:

BIRD THOUGHTS

I lived first in a little house,
  And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round,
  And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
  Nor wanted any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
  And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest,
  To see what I could find;
I said: "The world is made of leaves,
  I have been very blind."

At last I flew beyond the tree,
  Quite fit for grown-up labors.
I don't know how the world is made,
  And neither do my neighbors!

— Anonymous.

The next to appear was Joe. He pulled back the curtain for the girls' play. This was:

Queen Alice's Examination

Mary, as Queen Alice, was sitting on a little straight chair. She wore a white dress, white shoes and stockings, a gold paper crown on her head, and she carried a gold wand in her hand.

Alice's face was colored a dark, reddish brown, like an Indian's. She was the Red Queen. She wore a dark red dress, black shoes and stockings, and a dark red paper crown, and she held a dark red wand.

Dorothy was in white as the White Queen. Her crown and wand were of white paper, and her face and hands and hair were all as white as flour. Mrs. Allan had powdered them thickly with chalk. The White Queen was sitting on a box covered with white paper. This is the play:

Alice: If I really am a Queen, I can manage my crown quite well in time. (*To Red Queen*) Please, would you tell me—

Red Q.: (*interrupting crossly*) Speak when you're spoken to!

Alice: (*surprised*) But if everybody obeyed that rule, and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for *you* to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that—

Red Q.: (*crossly*) Ridiculous! Why, don't you see, child — (*stops suddenly, scowls, and then says sweetly*) What do you mean by "If I really am a Queen"? You can't be a Queen, you know, till you've passed the proper examination. And the sooner we begin it, the better.

White Q.: (*delighted, to Alice*) Can you do Addition? (*Speaking very fast*) What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?

Alice: (*tries at first to keep up with this; shakes her head*) I don't know. I lost count.

Red Q.: (*very loud*) She can't do Addition. (*To Alice*) Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight.

Alice: Nine from eight I can't, you know. But —

White Q.: (*to Red Q.*) She can't do Subtraction. (*To Alice*) Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife — what's the answer to that?

Alice: (*slowly, as if thinking hard*) I suppose —

Red Q.: (*sharply*) Bread and butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog: What remains?

Alice: (*slowly*) The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it — and the dog wouldn't remain; it would come to bite me — and I'm sure *I* shouldn't remain!

Red Q.: (*severely*) Then you think nothing would remain?

Alice: (*looking up at her*) I think that's the answer.

Red Q.: Wrong, as usual. The dog's temper would remain.

Alice: (*wondering*) But I don't see how —

Red Q.: Why, look here! The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?

Alice: Perhaps it would.

Red Q.: Then, if the dog went away, its temper would remain!

Alice: (*smiling*) They might go different ways. (*Softly*) What nonsense we are talking!

Red Q.: } (*very loud and pointing to Alice*) She
White Q.: } can't do Arithmetic a *bit!*

Alice: (*turns suddenly to White Q.*) Can *you* do Arithmetic?

White Q.: (*gasps; opens and shuts her eyes*) I can do Addition, if you give me time—but I can't do Subtraction at all, at *any* time!

Red Q.: (*to Alice, severely*) Of course you know your A B C?

Alice: (*laughs*) To be sure I do!

White Q.: (*leans forward, to say in Alice's ear*) So do I: we'll often say it over together, dear. (*Seizing Alice's dress*) And I'll tell you a secret—I can read words of one letter! Isn't *that* grand?

Red Q.: (*speaks sharply to Alice; White Q. sits up with a start*) Can you answer useful questions? How is bread made?

Alice: (*quickly*) I know that! You take some flour—

White Q.: (*touches Alice's elbow*) Where do you pick

the flower? In a garden, or in the hedges?

Alice: (*patiently*) Well, it isn't picked at all. It's ground—

White Q.: (*nodding*) How many acres of ground? You mustn't leave out so many things.

Red Q.: (*taking hold of White Q. and pointing at Alice*) Fan her head! She'll be feverish with so much thinking. (*They pick up leaves and wave them from side to side, catching Alice's hair.*)

Alice: (*putting up her hand*) Oh, please stop! I am all right! Oh, don't blow my hair about so!

(*They sit down again.*)

Red Q.: (*nodding at White Q.*) She's all right again now.

White Q.: (*yawning and laying her head on Alice's shoulder*) I am *so* sleepy.

Red Q.: She's tired, poor thing! Smooth her hair, lend her your nightcap, and sing her a soothing lullaby.

Alice: (*trying to smooth White Q.'s hair*) I haven't got a nightcap with me, and I don't know any soothing lullabies.

Red Q.: I must do it myself, then. (*Sings*)

Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap,
Till the feast's ready, we've time for a nap:
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball—
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all!

(*To Alice, putting her head on Alice's other shoulder*) Now you know the words, just sing it through to me; I'm getting sleepy, too. (*Alice sings; both Queens snore.*)

Alice: (*after singing, looks first at one head, then at the other*) What *am* I to do? (*Heads fall into her lap.*) I don't think it *ever* happened before, that anyone had to take care of two Queens asleep at once! No, not in all the History of England —it couldn't, you know, because there never was more than one Queen at a time.

(*Curtain*)

III

Now that Part One of the program was over, Mary, Dorothy, Alice, Kate, and little Ned all came and sat in the chairs that John and his father had carried out from the dining-room that morning. Mary sat down beside Mrs. Kingman and Alice beside Aunt Mary.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Kingman to Aunt Mary, "I did not know that a Queen was going to sit next to me this afternoon. I really think that I ought to have worn my very best gown."

"Sh!" said Uncle Jack. "Here comes the rest of the program now," as Joe came forward to recite. This is his recitation:

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR

When I was a bachelor,
  I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got
  I put upon a shelf;

The rats and the mice,
  They made such a strife,

I was forced to go to London
  To buy me a wife.

The roads were so bad,
  And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
  In a wheelbarrow;

The wheelbarrow broke,
  And my wife had a fall,
And down came the wheelbarrow,
  Little wife, and all.

—Mother Goose.

"Here comes Frank," said Uncle Jack. "Do you think we can guess his riddle?"

"You may have until the close of the program to guess the answer to my riddle," said Frank. "The first one to guess will please call out the answer loud."

This is the riddle:

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet.

T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you would pursue,
It can never fly from you.

— JONATHAN SWIFT.

But nobody could guess the answer, though everybody tried and tried.

Then Joe came forward, drew back the curtain again, and pinned it to the tree.

There was no one to be seen but Frank, who stood at one side on a small green box. He was clothed in a long brown robe with a pointed hood over his head, and in each hand he held a large branch full of green leaves. Near him was a low, curved wall covered with green cloth, over which grass and leaves were scattered.

"Frank must be a tree," whispered Mary; "but what is that green bank over there?"

"Hush," said Uncle Jack, as Jack and David came in from the side opposite the tree and bank. "We'll find out soon."

Each boy wore a green smock and a pointed cap, and carried an ax made of wood. John was nowhere to be seen at first, but he had a part in the play later. This is the boys' play. David spoke first.

The Woodmen and the Elf

Paul (*yawning*): Well, Peter, I think I'll take a rest. I'm tired of working.

Peter: But, Paul, how can you live if you do not work and earn an honest penny?

Paul: Oh! that's very well for stupid folks. Clever ones don't have to work. Why shouldn't my wits bring me a living?

Peter: No good will come to you if you refuse to do honest labor.

Paul: Just wait and see. (*He lies down.*)

Peter (*sighing*): Well, I must get to work. I shall take that fine tree that stands by the edge of the pool.

Paul (*laughing*): Don't fall into the water.

Peter (*looking over the bank*): It *is* pretty deep here. I can't even see the bottom.

(*He chops the tree, his ax slips and falls into the water.*)

Oh, dear! There goes my ax.

(*He tries to reach it with a branch.*)

It's no use. I can't find it. They do say this pool has no bottom.

(*Suddenly a Water Elf rises from the pool. He wears a wreath of shells, and from his head and shoulders stream weeds and grasses. He carries a golden ax.*)

Elf: Oh, ho, woodman! What is the trouble?

(*Paul sits up and Peter falls on his knees.*)

Peter: Oh, good sir, misfortune has befallen me! My ax has fallen into your deep pool, and without my ax I cannot earn a living.

Elf (*holding out the golden ax*): Is this your ax, woodman?

Peter: Oh, no, sir, that is not mine. My ax is old and made of steel.

Elf (*smiling*): I will find your ax. (*He sinks into the pool and returns with a silver ax.*) Is this your ax?

Peter: No, no. Mine is only steel.

(*Elf disappears and returns with steel ax.*)

That is my good old ax. I know it by the crack in the handle. Thank you, thank you, gracious sir, for helping me.

Elf: You are welcome, friend; and because you are an honest man, both the gold ax and the silver ax shall be yours.

(*Laying the axes on the bank, he disappears.*)

Peter (*rising and picking up axes*): Hey, Paul, did you see him? Am I dreaming?

Paul (*running to Peter*): Yes, I saw him. (*Feeling of axes.*) They are gold and silver, as sure as I'm alive. You always were a lucky fellow, Peter.

Peter: This is luck, indeed. My fortune is made. And I owe it all to the good water

spirit. But I must be off home to tell Mary and the children. Now we can have the little farm and a cow and some chickens. How happy we shall be! (*He hurries off, whistling.*)

Paul: Well, now, we shall see if my wits can't bring me luck.

(*He chops the tree, then throws his ax into the pool. He falls on his knees and wails.*)

Ah, me! What have I done! My good old ax, I shall never see you again!

Elf (*rising from pool*): Why do you wail so loudly, woodman?

Paul: O good, kind sir, I have lost my ax in your deep pool. I am a poor man and cannot buy another.

Elf: Wait here, and perhaps I can help you.

(*He disappears and returns with a golden ax.*) Is this yours, woodman?

Paul (*excitedly*): Oh, yes, indeed, that is my ax. Thank you, kind sir.

Elf: The ax is not yours, as you know. You have tried to gain by falsehood what is not yours by right, and so you shall lose all. (*Elf disappears.*)

Paul: O Elf Man, good Elf Man, forgive me! Come back! Please come back and bring me my old ax, and I will never tell another falsehood.

(*He waits a moment, but no one comes. He walks sadly away.*)

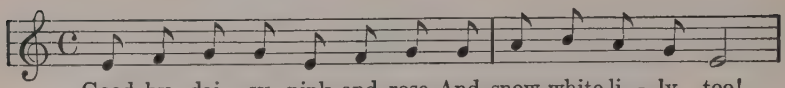
Perhaps Peter is right. He always says that "honesty is the best policy."

When the play was over, everyone clapped so hard that all the actors — even the tree — came out and bowed.

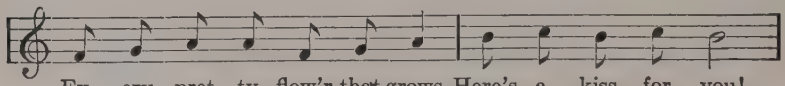
"You gave us a good surprise, John, when you came up from behind the bank," called Dorothy.

Then the whole club stood up in a row and sang this song:

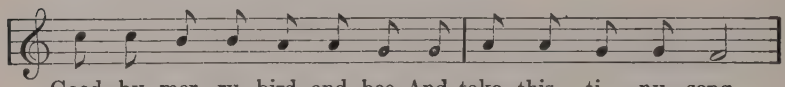
GOOD-BY TO THE FLOWERS.



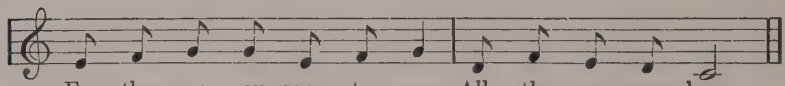
Good-by, dai - sy, pink, and rose, And snow-white li - ly too!



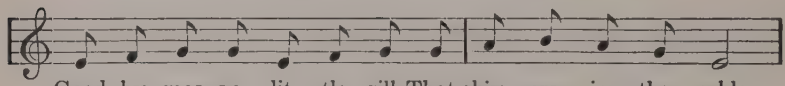
Ev - ery pret - ty flow'r that grows, Here's a kiss for you!



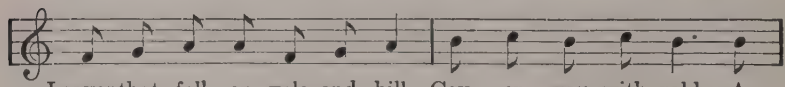
Good-by, mer - ry bird and bee, And take this ti - ny song



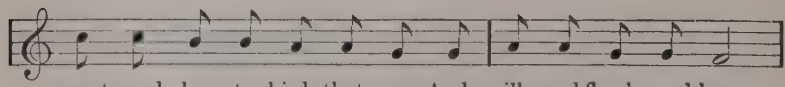
For the one you sang to me All the sum - mer long.



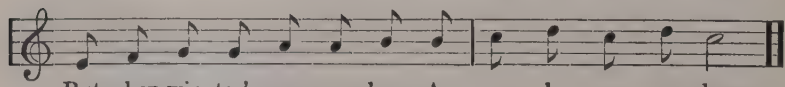
Good-by, mos-sy lit - tle rill, That shiv - ers in the cold;



Leaves that fall on vale and hill Cov - er you with gold. A



sweet good - by to birds that roam And rills and flow'rs and bees;



But when win - ter's gone come home As ear - ly as you please.

"Oh, Frank," called out Mr. Allan, when this pretty song was finished, "I think I have guessed the answer to that riddle! The five little airy creatures are the five letters, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, and *u*, are they not?"

"Hurrah for father Allan!" cried Mary. "Oh, why didn't I ever think of that?"

Just then, Mrs. Allan said, "Who would like to come with me, and bring the ice cream and cake? I need two boys and two girls."

"Mrs. Allan," said Frank, "may I help?"

"Yes, thank you, Frank," said Mrs. Allan. "And John and Mary and Dorothy."

They had a merry party out under the maple tree, laughing and joking.

Later, when the guests were ready to go, Mary said, "Mother, may we have the Good Times Club next summer, too?"

"Oh, yes," said the children. "Do say we may!"

"I think we are going to have the good times right through the winter, too," said Mrs.

Allan. "The good times will be different, that is all. They will not be vacation times, but they will be good school times. Then, when next summer comes, we can try to have the Club meet again."

"Hurrah for Mrs. Allan!" cried David.

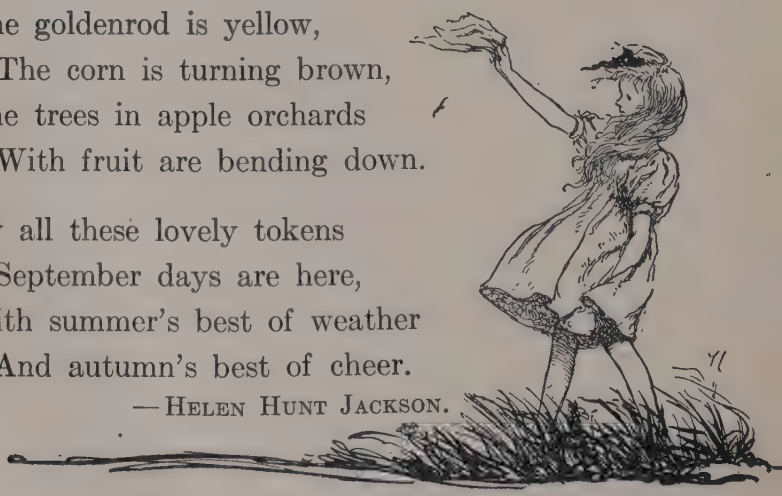
"Hurrah for the Good Times Club!" said Uncle Jack. And so, with hurrahs for everybody and everything, the last meeting of The Good Times Club broke up. School began the next Monday.

SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow,
  The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
  With fruit are bending down.

By all these lovely tokens
  September days are here,
With summer's best of weather
  And autumn's best of cheer.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.



SOME THINGS TO ANSWER

You have read some of the stories of The Good Times Club. Tell the one you like best.

How many stories can you tell?

To whom do you tell and read stories?

Name the games the children played.

Tell how to play these games.

Can you say "A Good Fat Hen"?

Name ten things which live on the earth; in the air; in the water.

Tell who wrote letters to The Good Times Club.

What were the letters about?

Write a letter about a good time you have had.

How many poems have you learned?

Which one do you like best? Can you say it?

Tell the riddles you have learned.

Can you teach us a new one?

In Part II, you will find more stories and poems that The Good Times Club read in school. These are their favorite stories, so you will surely like them too.

PART II

HAPPY THOUGHT

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE MONTHS

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

July hot, brings thunder showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

September warm, now brings the fruit;
Sportsmen now begin to shoot.

October gayly brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

November dull doth bring the blast—
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

December freezing brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

—Sara Coleridge.

TWO OLD RHYMES

Rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight,
Rainbow in the morning
Sailors take warning.

Thirty days hath September
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except February all alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

WHY THE SPRUCE KEEPS GREEN

A beautiful maple tree grew in a large park. All summer it stood there, covered with green leaves.

When fall came, the leaves began to turn red and yellow.

"In all the park, there is not a tree whose leaves are so bright and beautiful," said the people.

The maple was so pleased to hear this, that she began to toss her head in a very proud way. She stretched out her branches so far that she nearly covered a little spruce tree standing beside her.

But the maple said, "It does not matter if I do hide the spruce. He is such a plain little tree! His leaves do not turn red and yellow like mine."

The spruce heard these unkind words, but said nothing. He rustled his stiff little leaves and sighed.

Just then the good fairy of the park came by and said, "Why do you sigh, little spruce?"

"I sigh," said the spruce, "because the maple is so much more beautiful than I. She seems to please everyone."

The good fairy felt sorry for the little spruce. So she waved her fairy wand and said,

"Tree, tree, be cheerful for me,
And you forever green shall be."

Cold weather came. The bright maple leaves fell to the ground, leaving the branches bare.

In all the park there was just one bright, cheerful spot. There stood the spruce tree, with leaves as green as they had been in summer.

All winter he cheered the people as they passed. And the people said, —

"Let us call the spruce an evergreen."

And this is why the spruce keeps green all the year round.

A MOTHER GOOSE LESSON

I

Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing.
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in the counting-house
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes.
There came a little blackbird
And snipped off her nose.

II

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

III

The man in the wilderness said to me,
"How many strawberries grow in the sea?"
I answered him as I thought good—
"As many as red herrings grow in the wood."

IV

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey.
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

V

One foot up and one foot down,
That's the way to London town.

VI

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers did Peter Piper pick.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers that Peter
Piper picked?

VII

There was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence
Upon a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse;
And they all lived together.
In a crooked little house.

VIII

(*Mind your commas!*)

Every lady in the land
Has twenty nails, upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet:
All this is true without deceit.

ANIMAL STORIES

A Wise Horse

This is a true story about a horse named Solomon. His master named him Solomon because he was so wise.

One day a blacksmith put a new shoe upon one of Solomon's feet.

A few days after this, Solomon was turned into a field to graze. A boy soon came running to tell the master that some one had stolen the horse.

"Why do you think so?" asked the master.

"The gate has been taken down and left on the ground, and the horse is gone," said the boy.

"Perhaps old Sol did it himself," answered the master. "If we can find the print of his teeth on the gate, we shall know that he let himself out."

So they went to look at the gate. There on the top of it was the print of the horse's teeth!

Just then, the blacksmith came along.

"Have you seen anything of old Sol to-day?" they asked the smith.

"Yes, Sol has just left my shop," said the blacksmith. "He told me that I did some very poor work when I put that shoe on him."

"What do you mean?" said the boy. "How could Sol tell you such a thing?"

"This morning he came to my shop," answered the blacksmith. "He held up the foot on which I had put the shoe. He looked at me as much as to say, 'See this shoe you put on me. It hurts me. Take it off and put on one that will not hurt.'"

"I looked at his foot and saw that I had put the shoe on wrong. Sol stood still while I took it off and put it on so that it would not hurt him. When I was through, he gave a cheerful neigh and trotted off toward home."

The master and the boy went back to the field, and found old Sol quietly eating clover.

—Emilie Poulsson.

Shep and His Helper

I

One day a shepherd was out in the fields watching his sheep. A bright-faced little girl was with him.

"Where is your dog?" she asked.

"He is at home," answered the man sadly.

"My dog can never help with the sheep again. Yesterday a boy threw a stone at him and broke one of his legs. To-night I must kill Shep to put him out of his pain."

The little girl soon said good-by to the shepherd. Then she ran as fast as she could to the shepherd's house. There she found poor Shep lying on the floor.

At first the dog growled at her. But she talked gently and kindly to him until, at last. he let her look at his leg.

After she had looked carefully, she said, "Shep, good dog! Your leg is badly hurt, but it is not broken. I am going to make it well. Do you understand me, Shep?"

Shep seemed to understand, for he let her bathe his leg with hot water and bind it up.

When Florence saw the shepherd coming home, she ran to meet him.

She took him into the house and showed him what she had done.

"Shep's leg is not broken," she said. "See how I have bound it up. You need not kill him, for he will be quite well in a few days."

"Thank you, Florence," the shepherd said. "I shall wait and see. I hope that you are right."

II

The next day Florence went to see Shep again. He knew her this time and was glad to see his friend.

She bathed his leg and bound it up again just as she had done before.

In a few days he was well enough to go out into the fields again and help his master with the sheep.

After that, whenever the dog saw Florence, he ran to meet her. He barked and jumped about to show how glad he was to see her.

He seemed to say, "Thank you, little friend, for helping me. I am so glad to be well again. I love you, Florence, I love you."

Shep's master said, "Florence, I can never thank you enough. If it had not been for you, I'd have lost the best dog I ever owned."

This gentle and helpful little nurse grew to be a kind and helpful woman. She went to another country where a great war was going on. She took care of the sick and wounded soldiers, saving many lives. Her whole name was Florence Nightingale.

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,
  In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
  And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
  "I wink," said the one:
So he winked and he blinked
  In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
  Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
  And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
  "We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped
  Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
  In a hole in the tree,
Lived a mother-bluebird
  And her little birdies three.

"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three:
So they sang and were glad
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat,
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.

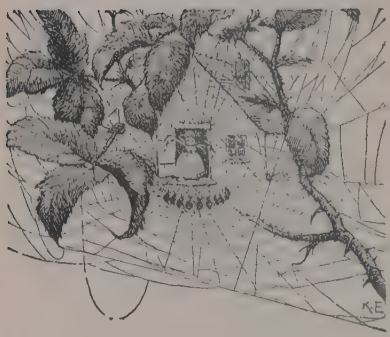
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket,
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,

Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine:
So they croaked and they splashed
Where the clear pools shine.



Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.

"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten:
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,
In the soft summer even,
Lived a mother-firefly
And her little flies eleven.
"Shine!" said the mother;
"We shine," said the eleven:
So they shone like stars
In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,
Where the men dig and delve,
Lived a wise mother-ant
And her little antics twelve.
"Toil!" said the mother;
"We toil," said the twelve:
So they toiled, and were wise
Where the men dig and delve.

—Olive A. Wadsworth.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

Place: An Old Tree
Time: A Spring Morning

Magpie
Thrush
Blackbird
Wise Owl
Starling
Sparrow
Turtledove

Thrush: Oh, Mrs. Magpie, I wish you would

teach us how you build your nest. Would you be so kind as to let us see you make it? Everyone says your nest is made better than any other in the green wood.

Magpie: Is that true, really! Come nearer, then, and I will show you how I do it. (*Birds draw near.*)

You see, I take some mud and I make a round cake with it—

Thrush: Oh! That's how it's done! That's how it's done! I can make one now. (*Thrush flies away.*)

Magpie: Mrs. Thrush went too soon. It isn't done yet. I fear she won't have a very good nest.

Now I lay some twigs in the mud, this way and that way. This way and that way.

Blackbird: I see! I see! I see! (*Blackbird flies away.*)

Magpie: What! has Mrs. Blackbird gone too? Tut-tut!

Now another layer of mud. Twigs and mud, twigs and mud!

Wise Owl: Oh! That's very easy. That is very easy! (*Owl flies slowly away.*)

Magpie: Does the wise owl think that is all?

She is a foolish owl this morning.

Now, more twigs round the outside.

Up and down, in and out,

Round and round and round about!

(*Turning slowly and carefully.*)

Sparrow: The very thing, the very thing!

Thank you kindly, Mrs. Magpie!

(*Sparrow flies away.*)

Magpie: Oh! But the nest is not lined yet. I make it soft and warm inside with feathers, soft and warm with feathers.

Starling: That pleases me! (*Starling flies away.*)

Magpie: Mrs. Starling should have waited. It will take just one minute more.

Turtledove: Take two, take t-w-o!

Magpie: No, one is enough.

Turtledove: Take two, take t-w-o-o-o!

Magpie: One is enough, I tell you. Oh! are they all gone but you, Mrs. Turtledove? And I have just finished my nest! None of their nests will be as nice as mine. Their babies won't have such a snug cradle as my little magpies will have.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see,
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;

And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball.
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SMALL RED HEN

I

Once upon a time there was a small, red Hen. This small, red Hen lived all alone on a little farm of her own. Her farm was near a high hill.

The red Hen was happy and busy from morning until night. She did her work very well. She never did anyone any harm.

Out over the high hill there lived a sly, old Fox. He lived with his mother in a great den of rocks in the woods.

One night this sly Fox said to his mother:

"I must have that small, red Hen and I must have her soon. To-morrow I will fetch her home. Ah! a fine meal she will make!"

Now the small, red Hen had heard of this sly, old Fox. So she kept her key in her pocket. If she went far from home she always locked her door. The old Fox was sly but the small, red Hen was wise.

II

To-morrow came. The Fox took a big bag and slung it across his back.

"Have the pot boiling when I come home to-night," said he to his mother. "I shall fetch the small, red Hen."

"That I will," said the mother.

The Fox stole away through the woods and over the hill. By and by he came to the snug, little home of the small, red Hen.

There she was in her dooryard near the house. She was picking up sticks for her fire.

"Aha!" said the Fox. "This is my chance."

The door was open and in he slipped. He hid behind the door.

Soon the small, red Hen went in, too. She had her apron full of sticks. First she locked the door and put the key in her pocket.

"Now I'm safely in," she said. Then she saw the sly, old Fox!

Oh me! Oh my! How frightened she was! She dropped her sticks and flew high up on a beam that ran across the room.

"Oh ho!" said she; "you can't catch me. You may as well go home."

Then what do you think the Fox did? He

marched across the floor. He stopped right under the small, red Hen.

He began to turn round and round after his tail. Still faster and faster he whirled.

Poor small, red Hen! She grew so dizzy looking at the Fox's tail that at last she fell down to the floor. And the sly Fox quickly picked her up. He popped her into his bag, slung the bag across his back and set out for home.

III

The small, red Hen kept very still. She was thinking fast. "What can I do? What can I do?" she said to herself.

Soon the Fox grew tired. So he put the bag under a tree. Then he lay down beside it and fell fast asleep.

But the small, red Hen did not sleep. Oh no! She still kept thinking and thinking.

Soon she almost laughed aloud, for she had thought of her scissors. They were right

there, in her pocket. Quickly she took them out.

Then snip, snip, snip, went the scissors. And out of the bag jumped the small, red Hen.

But this was not all. Red Hen took a big stone and put it into the bag. Then she took out her needle and thread.

Stitch, stitch, stitch! And the hole was sewed up again.

Hop, skip, flutter! Away went the small, red Hen.

She was soon in her snug little house with her door locked tight. Then she laughed as she sang:

"Awake, old Fox,
Go back to your den,
Pray, open your bag,
You've a fine stone hen."

IV

The old Fox soon awoke. He took up his bag and went to his den in the woods.

"Mother, mother," he called. "Have you the pot all boiling?"

"That I have," said she. "Have you the small, red Hen?"

"That I have," said he. "Take off the lid. I'll untie the bag and shake the small, red Hen into the pot."

Then the mother Fox lifted the lid. They shook the bag over the pot and . . . . *Splash! Splash!*

"Was that the small, red Hen that fell into the pot?" Those Foxes never waited to see.

They ran out of their den as fast as they could. They ran as if they would never stop. Perhaps they never did stop. Perhaps they are still running.

After that the small, red Hen lived safe in her snug, little house. And she always liked to keep her needle and thread, her scissors and her key in her pocket. And she always looked behind the door *before* she locked it. But she never saw the sly, old Fox again.

THE APPLE BRANCH

I

It was the month of May. There was a branch of beautiful blossoms on an old apple tree.

One day a fair princess came driving by. When she saw the blossoms, she said:

"Oh, how beautiful! I must have some of them."

So the coachman stopped the horses and the branch was cut for her. When they reached

the castle, the princess carried the apple branch into her room.

It was a lovely room. The princess put the branch into a tall and very costly silver vase. She placed the vase in one of the windows.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she said, as she looked at the blossoms. And, "How beautiful!" said all who saw it.

Soon the apple branch grew very proud. It looked out towards the garden and fields where it saw a great many flowers growing.

"There is a great difference between the plain flowers and myself," it said. "How unhappy they must be! No one would care to pick those common, yellow dandelions. But I suppose there *must* be some plain flowers."

A sunbeam kissed the yellow dandelions in the field, then kissed the apple branch and said,

"Is there such a difference between flowers? What is the plant you think so ugly?"

"The dandelion," answered the apple branch. "The princess would not think of picking one of them. When they go to seed they look like wool. But then, they are only weeds. How glad I am that I am not a weed!"

II

When the wind whispered to the dandelions what the apple branch had said, they pulled their little green sunbonnets down over their faces. They wondered if they really were so ugly.

One little dandelion peeped out at its dear old white-haired grandmother and said, "Surely no one could be more beautiful than she."

While the dandelions were feeling so sad, a group of children came across the fields.

When they saw the host of yellow dandelions they laughed and clapped their hands for joy. They picked them. They made chains

and curls and crowns of them. They blew the feathery seeds away.

And the sunbeam said to the apple branch, "How much pleasure the dandelions give!"

"Yes, to children," said the branch.

By and by an old woman came into the field. She had a basket and a knife. She wanted greens, some for herself, and some to sell.

"What a help the dandelions are to that old woman!" said the sunbeam.

"Yes," said the apple branch. "But people do not eat and make playthings of beautiful flowers."

III

Just then the princess came into the room where the apple branch stood. Some friends came with her. The princess carried something very carefully in her hand. It was covered by two or three large leaves so that no wind could reach it.

After the window was closed the leaves were carefully opened. Then the princess held

up — what do you suppose? The feathery seed crown of the dandelion!

"Could anything be more beautiful?" said the princess. "See how light and airy it is! How wonderfully God has made this little flower! I shall paint it with the apple branch, for both are so beautiful."

As the princess began to paint the blossoms and the feathery dandelion, the sunbeam came in through the window and kissed both the dandelion and the apple branch. And over the apple blossoms there spread a rosy blush.

—Hans Andersen.

WRENS AND ROBINS

Wrens and robins in the hedge,
  Wrens and robins here and there;
Building, perching, pecking, fluttering
  Everywhere.

—Christina Rossetti.

BARNYARD FOLK

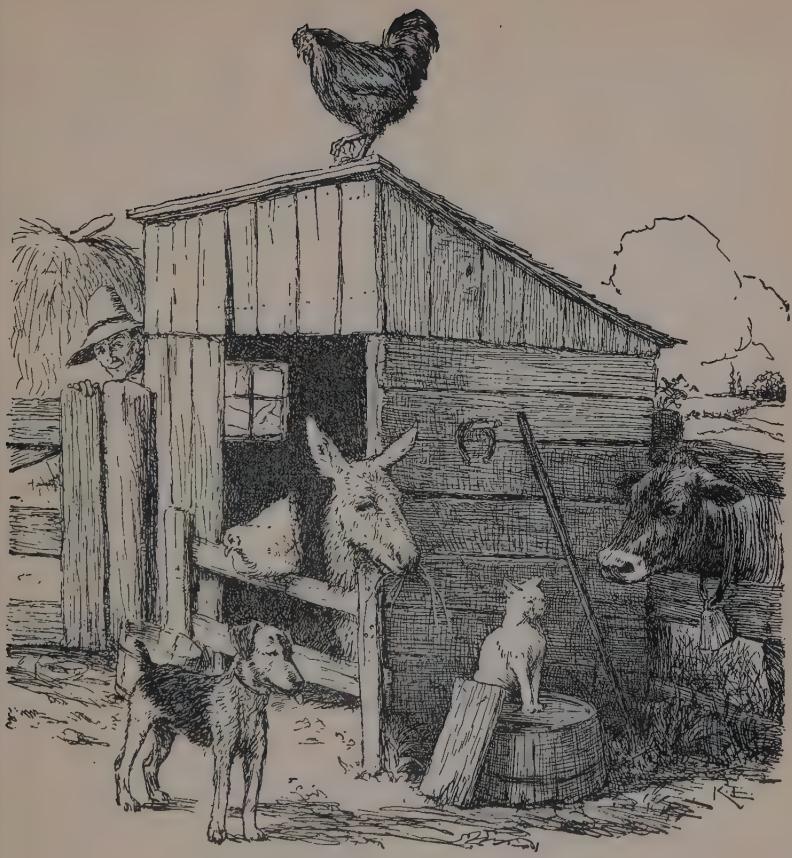
Place: BARNYARD
Time: EARLY MORNING

ROOSTER
HEN
CAT
DONKEY
COW
DOG
FARMER

Rooster: (*sleepily*) Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick
And can't tell what to do.
(*Waking up*) Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Hen: Cut-cut! Cut-cut! Please be still. You are up too early this morning.

Rooster: Cock-a-doodle-doo! The early bird catches the worm. It is high time we were all up. I must crow to wake up the farmer. If I did not wake up the farmer, please tell me who would.



He would never get up. He would never get his work done. The children would have nothing to eat. Don't you see how important I am?

Hen: (*angrily*) Cut-cut-cut-ka*da*-cut! Cut-cut-cut-ka*da*-cut! You are not so important! You only strut about and crow. Who cares for that? Now hear what I have to say! What do the children like better than the good fresh eggs I lay? Every day they come and look for them. I never keep *any* for myself. That is why they give me grain to eat. They like me best of all. Cut-cut-cut-ka*da*-cut! You are not so important.

Cat: No, indeed, he is not! Mew-mew-mew! But neither are you. Don't I keep the rats and mice from stealing the farmer's grain? If I did not, you would have nothing to eat. Then the children like to hold me in their arms; they like to play with me—

Donkey: Haw-hee-haw! Hee-haw! Who talks of playing! You need not think your-

self so great? *I* am the most important one on the farm. The children ride on my back. They harness me to a cart and I draw them to school. I draw them all about the farm. You may see for yourself how useful I am.

Cow: Moo! Moo! Moo! To play is not important. I am really the most important one on the farm. The children like my good sweet milk for breakfast, dinner, and supper. You like it too, Mrs. Cat. So do you, Mr. Dog. What would you all do without my good sweet milk?

Dog: Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Your milk is all very well. But who keeps all on this farm safe day and night? You, Mrs. Cow, sleep in your stall; you roam about the fields. Mrs. Cat sleeps behind the stove. The children sleep in their beds. But, asleep or awake,

I am always on the watch. No harm can come while I am here. You can easily see that I am the most important one on the farm.

Farmer: (*who has heard the talk*) Yes, yes, indeed! You are all *very* important. How I could keep the farm without every one of you, I am sure I can not tell. I can not tell which one I like best. And if I can not tell, how can you? I think you had better eat your breakfasts and say no more about it. You are all important in some way.

(*Farmer gives hay to the cow and the donkey, grain to the hen and the rooster, a bone to the dog, and milk to the cat.*)

HUMILITY

Humble we must be
If to heaven we go.
High is the roof there,
But the gate is low.

— Robert Herrick.

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She'd picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

WHAT IS RED?

What is red?
A poppy's red
In its barley bed.

What is blue?
The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through.

What is yellow?
Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.

What is green?
The grass is green,
With small flowers between.

What is violet?
Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.

What is orange?
Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

—Christina Rossetti.

I KNOW A LITTLE MAIDEN

I know a little maiden who can knit and who can sew:
Who can tuck her sister's petticoat and tie a pretty bow;
She can give the thirsty window-plants a cooling drink each day,
And dust the sunny sitting-room before she goes to play.

She can bring papa his dressing gown, and warm his slippers well,
And lay the plates and knives and forks, and ring the supper bell;
She can learn her lessons carefully and say them with a smile,
Then put away her books and slate and pencils in a pile.

She can feed the bright canary and put water in his cage;

And soothe her little brother when he flies into
a rage.
She can dress and tend her dollies like a mother,
day or night, —
Indeed, one half the good she does I cannot
now recite.

And yet there are some things, I'm told, this
maiden cannot do:
She cannot say an ugly word, or one that is
not true: —
Who *can* this little maiden be? I wonder if it's
you?

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE LAMP LIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the
sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time and before you take
your seat,

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting
up the street.

Now, Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what
I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the
lamps with you.

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the
door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many
more;
And Oh! before you hurry by with ladder and
with light—
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY

Place: ROAD NEAR VILLAGE
Time: MORNING

BOY	STOREKEEPER
GRAY PONY	FARMER
BLACKSMITH	MILLER

OLD WOMAN WITH GEESE

(*Boy, riding pony, hears something fall; looking back, he sees horseshoe; stops.*)

Boy: What shall I do? What shall I do,
If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?
(*Jumps down; lifts each foot; speaks, as he looks at the second hind foot.*)
What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony *has* lost a shoe.
(*Then, cheerfully, to himself*)
Blacksmith! Blacksmith! I'll go to you,

And you will set my pony's shoe.
(*Leads pony to blacksmith's shop; speaks to blacksmith in doorway.*)
Blacksmith! Blacksmith! I've come to you:
My little gray pony has lost a shoe.

Blacksmith: How can I shoe your pony's feet
Without some coal the iron to heat?

Boy: (*leaving pony with blacksmith*)
I'll hasten to get some coal for you,
That you may set my pony's shoe.
(*Goes to storekeeper.*)
Storekeeper! Storekeeper! I've come to you,
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet.

Storekeeper: (*waving his hand toward his stock*)
Now I have apples and candy to sell,
And more nice things than I can tell;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet.

Boy: (*walking away*)
What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!

(*Goes on until he meets farmer with wagon.*)

Farmer! Farmer! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet.

Farmer: (*waving his hand towards wagon*)

I've bushels of corn and hay and wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet.

(*Farmer drives away; boy walks on.*)

Boy: What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe.

(*Goes on until he comes to mill; speaks to miller in doorway.*)

Miller! Miller! I've come to you!

My little gray pony has lost a shoe;
I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet.

Miller: (*in surprise*)
I have wheels that go round and round,
And stones to turn till the grain is ground;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet.

Boy: (*sitting down by roadside*)
What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
How can my pony's shoe be set,
When I know not where the coal to get?

(*Old woman, driving flock of geese, stops near him.*)

Old Woman: (*laughing*)
If you would know where the coal is found,

You must go to the miner who
works in the ground!

(*Old woman walks on; boy jumps up.*)

Boy: If I would know where the coal is
found,

I must go to the miner who works
in the ground!

To the miner I'll go as fast as I
can,

Then hurry back to the blacksmith
man,
Who will then have coal the iron to
heat,
And can shoe at once my pony's
feet,
With a cling and a clang, a rap and
a tap—
Then away I'll go,—clippety, clip-
pety, clap.

—Maud Lindsay.

WORK

If you have some work to do,
Do it.
Do not sit and pout all day;
Naught was ever done that way;
Work while there is work to do;
Then play.

—Emma L. Eldridge.

HOW JACK MARCH WENT TO THE DOVECOT

I

Little Jack March was all alone in the world. He had no home but the workhouse. Jack had been taken there when he was a tiny lad, and was taught to work hard.

One day he was weeding the garden. It was a big garden with a high wall around it. Jack wished he could see over the wall.

All at once he stopped weeding. His eyes and heart were in the clouds. For there, some air tumbler pigeons were turning somersaults on their homeward way.

Jack had never seen anything like them be-

fore. He forgot about the garden. He forgot everything but the wonderful pigeons.

He curved his two dirty little hands on each side of his mouth, and shouted:

"That's a good one! On with you! Over you go! Oo-ooray!"

Just then he felt a hand on his shoulder. Jack looked away from the pigeons to see who it was. It was an old man who lived at the workhouse.

"Those tumblers belong to Daddy Darwin," said the old man. "Daddy Darwin lives in a little house not far from here. His house is called The Dovecot. He lives there alone with his pigeons."

Jack's eyes grew big and bright. He asked many questions about the world outside the workhouse walls. He asked all about Daddy Darwin. He asked about the happy pigeons that were free to fly where they pleased.

II

That night Jack wrote a letter. The old man who had talked to him in the garden was going away the next day. He would mail the letter for Jack.

The letter was to Daddy Darwin, and this is what it said:

"Honored Sir,

"They call me Jack March. I am a workhouse lad. But, sir, I'm a good one. On Friday the Board will place me in some house to work. Sir, if you will face the Board and take me out, you will never be sorry.

"I can clean floors and will work early and late. You are growing old and your birds must need much care. I can see them from the garden when I go there to weed. I never saw anything like them.

"Oh, sir, I do beg you to let me take care of your pigeons. You will not be so lonesome

with a lad about your house. And I shall be happy all the days of my life.

"From your humble servant — hoping to be —

"JACK MARCH.

"Mr. Darwin, Sir — I love those tumblers as if they were my own."

Daddy Darwin read the letter many times. He thought hard and thought long over it. He changed his mind fifty times a day.

But when Friday came he "faced the Board." And the little workhouse lad went home to Daddy Darwin's Dovecot.

HOW JACK FOUND THE PIGEONS

Jack March lived with Daddy Darwin for many years. He brought sunshine into the old man's life.

One night robbers stole all the pigeons from the Dovecot.

In the morning Jack went out to feed his

pets and found them gone. He rushed back to the house.

When he saw Daddy Darwin he could only say, "All my pretty ones!" Then he burst into tears. But Jack was not a boy to cry and do nothing.

He borrowed a horse and wagon. He filled his pockets with peas. Then he asked Daddy Darwin and the constable to ride with him. They set out at a jog trot to look for the stolen birds.

After a time they came to the Public Gardens. Many beautiful birds were kept there.

"Perhaps the robbers have brought the pigeons here," thought Daddy Darwin and the constable and Jack.

The keeper of the Gardens was angry when the constable talked to him.

"The pigeons are not here," he said.

But Jack slipped past the keeper. He had seen a pigeon house not far away.

Suddenly Daddy Darwin heard a sound. He listened and it came again. It was a sound like music. It was Jack's call at feeding time to the pigeons at the Dovecot.

Then he heard another sound. This time it was the sound of wings — the wings of a dove!

The other men heard it, too, and ran to the front of the pigeon house.

There was Jack, with all his pigeons coming to his call. They were flying, fluttering, strutting, nestling all about him. Jack was scattering peas like hail. Some of the birds were even feeding from the boy's lips.

When Jack saw the keeper, he said, "These pigeons are ours. I will count them over to

see if they are right. I will pack them in your baskets here and you may send your lad for the baskets on Saturday."

The keeper knew that the pigeons were Jack's.

The people of the village heard what had happened. In the evening, as the wagon came back from the Gardens, they ran out to see Daddy Darwin, Jack, and the pigeons.

"Let the birds free, Jack," they cried. "We want to see them fly home."

So Jack set them free. At first they hung about him, expecting peas. Then they spread their silver wings, and away they flew in the sweet sunshine.

They flew straight home, straight to Daddy Darwin's Dovecot.

That night Daddy Darwin said, "Jack March, my son, God bless you and reward you. You have kept every promise that you made in your letter."

—Juliana Horatia Ewing.

SPRING

The alder by the river
  Shakes out her powdery curls,
The willow buds in silver
  For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over
  And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
  That once again 'tis spring.

The gray green grass comes creeping
  So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
  A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
  And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
  The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
  As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
  All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
  There peeps the violet blue.
O happy little children,
  God made them all for you!

—Celia Thaxter.

WORD LIST

The following Word List contains all words used in the Second Reader which were not previously used in the Primer or First Reader and listed in the respective Word Lists, with the following exceptions: Purely phonetic combinations, such as *Henny-Penny*, of which the basic word has been taught; the new words which are used only in the verse on pages 30, 84, 99, 139, and 180. The average number of new words per page is slightly over three.

1. pleasant
   pigeons
   yard
   pets

2. David
   Dorothy
   age
   sure
   together
   chimney
   honeysuckle
   climbing
   cherry

3. kitchen
   peas
   lettuce
   radishes
   tomatoes

4. loft
   tool
   lawn mower
   ladder
   hose
   nails

5. else
   Shep
   kennel
   belong

6. Mrs.
   Mr.
   seashore
   afternoon
   walking

7. gate
   friends
   measles
   right

8. uncomfortable
   always
   write
   course

9. club
vacation
lonely
smiling
mean
neither
real

10. should
laughing
perhaps
Frank
Joe
Nellie
Alice
Kate
busy

11. o'clock
picnic
threw
to-morrow
somersaults

12. sewing
porch
talked
once

13. vine
vegetables

14. screamed
mouse
pellmell
maple
frightened
teeny-tiny
lady

15. noise
candle
stole
stair
dining room
nothing
cupboard

16. wait
quite
part
sweeping
silver
sixpence

17. pink
next
bought
tied
stile

18. bite
won't
sha'n't
beat
burn

19. fetched
quench
ox

20. hour
half
ago
butcher
kill
pocket

21. hang
gnaw

22. cheese
nice
piece

23. nobody

24. Cocky Locky
bit

25. Ducky Lucky
Goosey
Loosey

26. Turkey Lurky

27. castle
topknot

28. foolish

29. scamper
journey
late
taught

31. forget
lamps
dark
twinkle
beach

32. party
starfish
yesterday
save
crumbs
lunches
scatter
worms

33. brave
steal
stump
scoop

34. dashed
hurting
ashamed
creature

35. true
often
tame
master
feathers
miles
clipped
because
mud
dead

36. dovecot
food
young

37. seemed
safer
built
fence
whole
lark
son
neighbors

38. chirped
yet
few
cousins

39. quietly
cuckoo
shy
begged

40. April
changes
July
August
listen
laid
wisp

41. plum
hairs

42. breast
treat
wool

43. thief
trick
wove
scorn
intrude
brood

44. stir
shame
rob
cruel
Neal
sad
full

45. twelve
fingers
click

46. package

47. queer
alive
purple
salt

48. among
rocks
ripple
hundreds
oyster
clam
snails
most
greedy

49. riddle
St. Ives
wives
sacks

50. weeding
ships

51. idly
fro
pasture
heavens
dream
shepherd

52. move
west
hastening
fold
deep
beyond
trembling
shadow
bars
east
slumber

53. plump
squawking
wild
geese
sorrowful
mittens
cages
canaries
swords
battle
elephants
chattering
magpies

54. heart

55. indeed

56. express
load
traveled

57. proudly
whoa
spilled
heels
tumbling

58. wheelbarrow
sponge
suddenly

59. Ben

60 spread
jolt
rough
smelling
seconds
minute
sixty
shower

61. rhyme
axes
splash

62. umbrellas

63. circus

64. huddle
uncle
aunt
stalls
giraffe
stretched
printed

66. lion
tiger
barrel
eagles
rooster
hencoop
stout
stranger

67. animals
bench
skirt
shawl
bonnet
boots
surprised

68. earth
polliwogs
frogs

70. single
pie
ink

71. jolly
lucky
whispered

72. brook
straw

73. followed
playfellow
spoons

74. wade
stockings
minnows
bath
cool

75. stone
shady
bridge
hark
eleven
napkin

76. wash
slowly
rattle
Hannah
creamy

77. loud
quack
fluffy
scared

78. ought
roam
drowned
naughty
ma'am
believe
mind
fleet

79. ferry
blades
ocean
gay
toward
voyage
lifted
cuddled

80. either
a-floating
foam

81. valley

82. September
against
tower
daughter
Helen
alone

83. steep
winding
dangerous
storm

85. aboard

86. early
chubby

87. tears
jar
burst

90. bouquet
shoots
mistakes
molasses
January

91. missed

92. blackberry
jam

93. class
mice

94. recipe
kettles
aloud
mash
boiling

95. equal
quantity
sugar
glass
stove
mixed
poured
finished

96. delicious
dishes
row

97. brittle
quart
chop
saucepan
melted
syrup
important

98. stool

99. plate
slices
dainty

100. hungry

102. squeeze
knee
between

104. hug

105. Friday

106. program
invite
guests
posted
pencil

107. suppose
recite
poetry
number
decide
recitations

108. secrets
copied
act

110. short

112. pleasure
study
corners
life

113. curtain
stage

114. frolics
queen
examination
bachelor
pantomime
bugs

115. appeared
enjoyment
elves
fairies
mirth
clover

116. dew
daisies
lessons
lambs
velvet
fellow
powdered
marshmary
rich
money

117. columbine
wrapper
twin
turtle-doves
pint
toll
trust
linnet
pale

118. fluttered
blind
fit
labors
crown
wand

119. flour
manage
interrupting
obeyed
rule

120. ridiculous
scowls
proper
delighted
subtraction
division
divide
loaf

122. sharply
course
sum
bone
remains
severely
wrong
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different
nonsense

123. arithmetic
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touches
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124. hedges
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125. feast
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England

126. gown
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127. forced
London
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narrow

128. pursue
eagerly

129. space
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chew

130. shred
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pity
frozen
starved
strength
weakness
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share
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131. swallow
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132. crawled

133. lily
mossy
shivers
vale

135. Monday
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orchards
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136. favorite

139. months
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daffodil
primrose
flocks
sporting
fleecy
posies
thunder
apricots
gillyflowers
sheaves
harvest

140. October
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November
dull
blast
December

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blazing
warning
thirty
except
leap

141. spruce
toss
plain

142. rustled
stiff
sighed
sorry
bare
spot

143. rye

144. parlor
fiddle
wilderness
herrings

145. Miss Muffet
tuffet
curds
whey
spider

146. Peter Piper
pickled
peppers
crooked
deceit

147. Solomon
graze
teeth

150. growled
badly
bathe
bind
Florence

152. nurse
sick
wounded
Nightingale

153. toad

154. hummed
muskrat
dive
burrowed

155. even
cricket
notes

156. lizard
bask
croak

157. lace
webs
dig
delve
toiled

158. owl
sparrow
thrush

159. twigs

161. cradle

162. india rubber
notion
coward

163. harm
sly
arrant

164. meal
key
slung

165. chance
slipped

166. dizzy

168. pray

170. princess
coachman

171. vase
common
dandelions
ugly

172. group
host
chains

173. curls

175. blush
wrens
perching

176. donkey
dame

178. angrily
strut
grain

179. harness
breakfast

181. dot
town

182. poppy
barley
pears
mellow
twilight
orange

183. maiden
tuck
petticoat
forks
slate

184. Leerie

185. lantern
Tom
Maria

186. pony
village
storekeeper

187. leads

188. coal

189. bushels

192. pout

193. wall

194. curved
dirty
Daddy Darwin

195. honored
sir

196. humble
servant
fifty

197. rushed
borrowed
constable
jog
public

198. sound
music
hail

199. expecting
God
bless
reward
promise

200. alder

201. scarlet

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